

1940

Monks House, Rodmell.

Wednesday
Jan 3rd

The very large sheet which I bought at
Baxter two days ago begins a new year, on a
new system. Evening over the fire writing,
instead of end of the morning scrambling.
Thus I hope to write a better hand, & if it
weren't that I've just heated my head over *Rox*, the
PIP (a bad chapter) more solidly. For unless I can
put a little weight into this book, it'll have no interest,
even for an old woman, turning the pages. There just
put down Melli's autobiography, after copying down sentences in
the volume I call, descriptively, the *Albatross*. We have
been out in Janice's car, looking for skating. It's a
long better winter frost. Forget how many degrees of
negat - I think 22 below freezing. Figure an Arabian
even yesterday: a hard white snow, the street like glass;
the village treat to Brighton; Charns wound the wheels;
the butcher saying he'd had enough of it, which, as he has to
be in the shop cutting joints at 6, I can follow.
I am oppressed & distracted with all my ideas. All this
little lurches showing the old head - *Rox* out of the nest.
And a book on W^m & peace - a horse L. down
from his back.

6th Jan.

which a year friends will interest posterity
most? Magnard? So that if I had any
regard for the future I would use this
hour to record what he said. About his
parents. Lying extended on the sofa the
other night with the two fog lamps

NYPL

Jan 6th

2

bummy. ~ Lydia a lovely fairy tale girl under fur Cap.
We were talking of my legacy: of Leonard's mother. And
I said how she had lived in a dream world. So that
he made her cry. When which M. said his parents
had always given him alone: now they reaped the
benefit. The old W. plays Bridge. W. his mother
has Mr. Temperament. "But not ruthless as you can be" said
Lydia: Mr. her father. Judds & all his words come out in a
rush. He is now supreme, unwanted on his sick throne, a
successful man - farmer, business, - man of business he called
himself, applying for perpetuity. A heavy man with a
thick mustache. A moralist as interpreted in Father's
black dog with the bald patch as in Europe. He was saying -
odd how hard it is to remember. he was telling us about
salt: water: heat: cold: their effect on the brain. About Rye.
"Can I mention Greekish?" I asked. Lydia "What?" M.
"Stiff" (their private word) No you can't. I should like your
saying it: such revelations have to be in key with their time.
The time not come yet. Judging the W. disappointed.
Is he right, or only public school? Ah is now so
order, so regally arrayed, that we had to do that
Wednesday, became otherwise - and Magnan says this not
commenced "L. on the telephone. But words are soon
lost. I am working this, the d-d party, the dark June is
prophet & L. glooming, in order to have a free thing.
So fight & tortured & a money. but enough of that
Can I descend to the spontaneous popular what... after
living so long above ground? An obituary: Mumbert
Wolf. And I shared a packet of choc. cream with him;
as Eileen Power. An admirer sent them. There was a
getting tribute. A theatrical looking glib man. Told me he was
often asked if I were his wife. Volunteered that he was
happily married. Though his wife lived - General? I forget.
Remember thinking, why protest? What's wronging you?
Oh it was the night Arnold Bennett attacked me in the
Ex Standard. Orlando? Were going to meet him at

NYPL

Jan 6th

3

highly. There was a queer hysteric look in him, perhaps strain
in him: very self-amused, artfully. Inwardly tormented by
the faintest ^{my} wrote two early; that's my salvage from an
autobiography - one young, another were denatured a most
always draw ^{her own picture}. I suppose the origin of many of the
new middle-aged authors. A kind of self psychoanalysis; the
Viola Lamm - a funny rise from the old cabbage-paul of literary
foursome - was in love; a fact she suppressed in a review of Reginald
that portendously split its side - ripped open like a balloon - the
pressure of praise in it was so terrific. Reginald Viba had
looked at Oxford when I lectured once. How rotten, I said, looking
about, and lay on the dreamy sofa under the sun. And she was dead
she said, owning with her usual unflattering what I, should I? -
have hidden. So the ^{inspired} origin of those vague wretched night
memories - he who reads for the last time a faint film
across my tired head - lies with those blackening eyes shut
in that sulphurous cavernous face. [If I were weeping I should have
to remove either his or eye. Is this right? Yes, I think for me; nor
need it spoil the run. Only one must always practice every
Vibe: that is the only way to keep in the bond. I mean the only way
to save avoid crust into life a jargon of words in a blaze.
That phrase stay with, what. These pages only cost a
fraction of a farthing, so that my eyekeeper isn't impoverished
with I should be reading. Or Little Dorrit, but both are
gone stale, like a cheese that's been eaten & left. The first shall be
always the best. Mr Gwynne caught me at Reddingham on the
down journey - a nobleman: lean, working. Jew, with little
wet pebble eyes. A severe man. I smiled. He I think apprehended
some misapprehension. Was scrambling under the barbed wire in my
wool helmet. "Where'd you come from?" "Only taking a
walk." "Then a picnic. Hope I'm not spoiling your sport."
"Not at all. You can go on..." He'll ask her wife. What
was looking ^{woman} thinner at Roudmelt. She'll guess. Mr Woolly. He'll
say... Louise says he'll say he don't hold with the
Labour Party. He had a row with Paul about the
wood in his down. The villagers mustn't steal it. Paul
said they had a right. Strong dwindles off. The idiot
boy has pneumonia, should die but of course, won't.

NYPL

Tuesday
Jan. 19th

I can't say that this glacial system has been good for this large
page. But Sunday has been variable. As 21st birthday party, &
the legacy of Lewis: then Flora; then Morgan; then London
from which we came back to this afternoon to frozen paper!
Dean is flaring away at the spare room at the instant -
then gave me an excuse for not mending my brain to some
solid work - an essay of Berber's way. My London technique
is improving. A lunch at Nat Gal: Hughes W. Plomer to
dinner, Lybel to tea - all accomplished. And last night
the Importance of Being Earnest, a Thirteenth play, but a
work of art; I mean, its bubble don't break. And I
took about 60 pages to be typed. By way of a
brain graph, I record that for 5 days I could do nothing but
improve my W & A lecture - syllabed it in the bath, in walks.
wrote a sketch reluctantly. Now it's spent. That fever, - I
shall attack the Omega with appetite tomorrow. Why this
sudden pressure on the brain? Its uncontrollable.
Hugh is rather like the drunken sun - his ruddy edges slightly
blurred. He wore a red flower. Was in a buff waistcoat, but
sharpened, disappointed, - life unsatisfactory; embittered -
no blur, rather a chopping block. I diagnose some
sore of defeat & strain, part private, part war. A man is
pale - on the sketch: so that some strong gives a discolored No,
that's not quite it. Looks demipated, with mark, with dull -
dreary work; a no creatureliness; but a standard, which dear
old Hugh (he wrote to thank "Dearest Virginia" this morning)
has foned down. I suppose a little second rate. At dinner
when I told him that Napoleon had used Sea Tower, he looked
like a small boy fished - an inkling of bashfulness. We
talked - I would face the labor of inverted commas -
about Horace. - Stephen Condensed: & about Hawthorne
Woffe, dead of overwork; about Frankau (his memoir on
Cherpy as a whole - humor, edited & some, rapping,
with the real life program which end the shelly &
tough skinned can stand) & then Hugh told us the
story of the Courant, told it very well: about C.

NYPL

Jan

giving up the sad. manner at tea; withdrawing; threatening;
Miss Hollow - Jennie, who would not ask Miss
Hollow for the salt; - C. shut up alone with her; -
Jennie - pouring lat in the spa with her bad leg;
about Boris who from fogging; so to the artist, to
her own left to Rupert Hart Davis; with whom I
think we have an affair; & so to Dickens; & the
in hypocrisy. Thackeray taking a prostitute into
the office of the farrier; Dickens who mentions;
Cath Thackeray as they were old friends - so they are - if
you're in the High tradition, but we are - I am not -
so to Trollope; & a defamation of Wells; a more
written; compare him with Conrad. What then is
an artist? A question I'd like to solve. A
better cold night. They stayed till 12.30: then went
into the moonlight. I left the door open.
How I change places: my hands are so cold: & my
brains cold, yes, very like Janice's cheap car, which
won't start. One should have a piece of
porous paper to press on the brain when it's hot,
instead of chafing it to work, as I do now. from
coldness. from distraction. Oh I made up a letter to
F.H. at 37. & thought I've tapped something perhaps - a
new combination of the raw & the typical; how to
write over. I think 2 years at Rye may have filled
the system. Then why. I was touched. Her
cheek was so cold when she came in. Why
did she think it worth coming? Vanity was
Hollowed. After making off all our grates & pipes -
Hugh to me - Oh Hugh wrote to me this morning -
we got warmer about the past. The more liked
George. and to meet him at the house - He
patronized her. He broke hearts. Dorothy Swan
was in love - passionately. G. didn't care. An
Arch Duke. Old Gerald, the made, the vulgar,
far more to him - The young intellectual at the
Dorothy liked him; disliked George. So I sketched
our family life. The more human. asked me
to dine at the ordinary. I went out into the
better black & white square.

NYPL

20 Jan

I think it would be better to read purely some severe classic,
2 not make up some rambling rhymes. This better cold night.
Smoking cigarettes over the fire & feeling - just because the heat
of 37 is so high - that we were, for once, for luck.
Then L. went. Skales & I walked on the bank & home over the
marsh - The beauty was ethereal, unreal, empty.
A June day. 10 degrees frost. All silent, as if offered
from another world. No birds, no cars, men shouting.
This specimen against the war. This heartless &
perfect beauty. The willows ruby red, no rusted; plumed: soft;
& all the roofs orange & red; & the hills white.
But some emptiness in me - in my life - because L. said
the heat was so high. And then the Helena, the pure
disembodied Helena, in which the perfect specimen was
presented; seemed to correspond to my own valance,
walking muffled with the sun in my eyes, & nothing
preventing excepting only this iron hard, ground, all
painted. The men were waiting for Wednesday - the
quickest hand. Come down like an express. We sat in the sun
on the bank. She looked very despondent & pecked out - the
little stream of smoke - the cold duck - the horse
huddled & still. No thoughts populated; I was
somehow held in a pair of pincers. I came home to
Cook Crumpton to revise my article; & all the
words seem huddled in. To what about a severe
classic? A fore at Charleston. Fire engine
called out on Wednesday night. No letter
Reaction after London? And Roger seeing off my
finger. And the future. I must fuck myself in
with work. A child crying in the school. What do
I do to help? But in fact, there are the
moments for compacting; for living. When one's to
blow out: which I entirely refuse to do.

NYPL

26 Jan.

But transformation
must require
many but
change, but
achievement.

to choose a
title wh.
expresses change;
if they were
full of experience
& achievement.
More change,
more learning
change, more
he acquired
a position.

These moments of despair - I mean glacial suspense - a
paleontologist in a glass case - have given way as they
go on to rest. It is that there through of
I have two dead pigeons - my story, my Gas at about (and
(perhaps why) And so ideas rush in. I began one
night, absolutely submerged, throated, held in a vice with my
nose balled, against Rye - no way out - all hard on iron -
to read Julian. And out for winged my mind ~~down~~ along
those wild uplands. I hunt for the future. Always
relieve pressure by a flight. Always violently turn the
pellow: back on outlet. On a rifle does. A vision
offered of Marie Corbelle by the Lubliner. There are
travellers not, which I offer myself that I again be lost.

I think the last chapter must be sweated from 20 to
10 thousand. This is an attempt at the first words: -

"Transformation" is the title that Rye Fey gave to
last book of essays. And it seems natural enough,
looking back at the last ten years of his life, to feel
to choose it by way of title for them too. To
feel were they of change; ~~the title~~ ~~also~~ of
achievement. For they were also full of achievement.

His position as a critic was established but of perpetual experiment
they were years not years of repose & stagnation. They were
years of change. In the course of them this position as a critic
became established. "At the time of his death"

wrote Howard Mumford, "Rye Fey's position in the
English art world was unique, & the only parallel
to it is that of Ruskin at the height of his
reputation." And the perpetual ~~the~~ was achieved

Perpetual speculation, but that position was, as his
became a book. To be but it was a position that
transformed the transformations. Then, the perpetual
unconscious of the his left ~~the~~ left behind them
something that his thought that perpetual wisdom &
thought in the history of experience resulted in something

But that reputation depended upon the freedom of his
what he had the energies, the & the years with which
he carried on his intellectual life: & so closely

NYPL

connected that it was impossible to separate them, except the other
adventure.

with which he expended & enlarged his vision. And it is Norway he
has been adventurous in his life the life which ~~is~~ ^{is} all with
which the ~~off~~ ^{now} is it possible to separate the two.
And there too, transformations, little resulted in what was
something permanent. as Mr. Clark says: Although he
was remarkably consistent in the main outlines of his
beliefs, his mind was inevitably experimental & ready for
any adventure, however far it might lead him beyond the
boundaries of ~~academic~~ ^{academic} tradition.

And Physically, the strain was very great. His
health had suffered from the hypomania of the Omega.

No I cannot feel it off at all. How great the change is
from private writing to public writing. And how
exhausting. My letter found of George? On that the
died up. What was I going to say? On that the
logic moved of the writer - its intense spiritual
gallopation - is over. The thaw has begun. & rain is
coming, & the marshes soggy. Watched with white, &
two very small lambs were staggering in the East wind.
One old ewe was being carried off, - shocking the
horror I crept back to the hanger. Now here I venture
known every, harking at these phrases - I'm
engaging Burke though, I shall face up on the
French Revolution. I. last night. Men Javiers on
Federation. The writer short stories: his brother,
a ship of blue ink shall be made of. very soon,
writes poetry, is in touch with "our group".
We plan printing; indeed I. where an
address this afternoon. Then we hang Neris'
picture, & it being now 6 o'clock, I shall
take a plunge into some current. We go up
next week, shall have Tom to dine - go to the
new O'Neil play. No, its arden weary
biography & between his & Dennis. Better dream

MYPL

Monday
Jan. 30th

Unable to go to London because of the worst of all
frosts. A sudden return. Everything glass glazed:
Each blade is coated, has a rim of pure glass.
Walking is like treading on stubble. The sleds -
gates have a shining green varnish of ice.
Percy has to dig paths - but frozen. ~~One day~~
On Sunday no cars could move. Nina said the
services had to give up. That the last I heard from
Charlton. On Monday the electric light failed.
Cooked breakfast on dining room fire. Came on at 12.30.
Today all idea of travel impossible. Trains have
been late. No buses running - walked to Lewis &
back. Met snow plough: 2 or 3 cars; no walkmen.
Lewis very empty. Home by the short cut; which was
painful. A great flight of wild geese. The
grass is brittle; all the twigs are covered in
thin clear brown cases - a look thick, but
slippery, crystalline, and they were twigs of
a fruit at desert. Now when the wireless reports
a ship sank in the North Sea. Almost on my
nearly, but at last the look sent. Very still
to night. More snow? No taken in letters till
the afternoon.

To that rapid note - how odd that I still feel I can't leave a
new right undistributed - there is nothing much to add today.
This thawing. There's a rush like a mattress falling, as
the snow slides off the roof. We walked in the marsh, &
saw a half devoured hare. Water of blood in the snow,
& such a snake of a wind, & such hobbling &
humbly over frozen tussocks into the snow that I
cut the walk. Came home to type out my ten journal
Correlli. Nina is offered £1.550 for a 25,000 word
story. My lightness back bone happens. Then
what about my £200 day story? Ah, but I

MYPL

wouldn't for any money write 25,000 words. Which I've
proved that to be true in this way: the humiliation, that is
the obstinate refusal of the brain to comply, & one's failings, &
re-writings, & general despondency, even for 2,000 words, make it
not to meek morally, as physically, intellectually a torture.
But it's interesting to take the moral temperature now & then.
A little fresh article I enjoy. Settled in for another 2 weeks,
& only village meetings & books: which however, are very 'real' -
I like Burke. I think with luck I may concentrate & sweat out
R's last Transformation. True, I should have enjoyed a
wander, but old Mabel reports streets ~~for~~ all ice & so on.
And I cling to my thing philosophically: to hang the present moment
(in which the fire is going out).

2nd Feb.

Met Venus outside bridges today & the frosty violation is over.
It was broken by a meeting though, at which I jostled with
Mr Funnell & said I'd find her a "Dasschen". "Dasschen"
the called it, being lower class. I wish I could congratulate
reflexions like Gide. Halfpence are daily things. Then
something solid form. And they occur at breakfast, or
when I'm up to my knees in mud. The lost thoughts -
fine convey they'd make it ever heard - the thoughts I've
lost in Ashham Down, walking the river bank. Yesterday
a smart car stopped: a glowing lady gave me a lift.
burnished & as quick like Bobo; said to Mr Draycott &
the hailed home. The snow remains, slightly pocked, but the
roads clear. The cream woman stopped another $\frac{1}{2}$ hr &
butter into my bag; the cooper: inserted a lb. of sugar instead
of eggs into our groceries. And I'm asked not only to
write, but ably on head, for the Forum, but they
want to reprint Reviewing. So, what with the
Wharfedale & the Lark, no doubt I could
grind out a good many quinea: a dozen the
fraction. Keep my mind warm. Thanking lost
thoughts. Mabel coming (also) tomorrow. Then
London. I forget to make extracts from the

NYPL

happen, which boom, echoing, empty, the B.B.C. Hitherto weak-
Chambers - a ship sunk - no narrow - a vast captured -
men working for 10 or 12 or 30 hours. How little one can
explode now, as perhaps one would have done, had it been in
single death. But the Black out is far more murderous
than the war. Pinned by 2^d then 3^d. To the sense
frighten gradually; I can't even imagine London in peace -
the lit night, the boxes warning past Towerloch Square, the
telephone ringing, & I knocking together with the utmost
difficulty one night or afternoon alone. A reminder to
use the present art-making there for Burke etc. only the
for us the dreaming - of all the things I mean to write:
the break in our lives from London to country is ~
far more complete one than any change of scene. Yet but
I haven't got the hang yet altogether. The immense
space suddenly becomes valiant: then illuminated.
And London, in sleep, is cramped & created. God has
when I think with what a low I suppose of the City: & the
walk to the Tower: that is my England: I mean, from
rough destroyed one of them like ally with the brain board
Cuthbert & the very much & the old woman ready I should
feel - well, what the patriots feel - so lately aware:

NYPL

Wed. 7th Feb

(Mother's birthday: Anna's wedding day) Oh I had such a profound reflection on the tip of my tongue, & being down town, chiming in with Bradford's lecture.

Wrote to the effect that now, no longer in the movement, & remote in the water dogged country, now is the time to be of the art, or life, creed; the balance in something existing independently of regular, with ~~weather~~ the hand the hold good. These heretofore reports that I've been following R. how shall Fr Bartolomeo?

Well, it don't stand like a flagstaff, then it's been a week out. (word chosen in deference to the new movement).

John for the night: & he plays as in New Year & that. Very nice - so eager & 'haggle' as the old women say: making up his mind to show his work. We had the Garden to tea. The old wisp red veined blue-green

hairy purrey Mags. very courteous, rather rambling, - inclined to dabble off into moralizing about the Crab. That's why the Crab is so small, - walk, sideways - an old Indian story. The children bolt-eyed & transfixed, partly in fear & what Papa might say.

And John rather Rens Court. So a fair beat-up talk about poetry, about communism. John obviously bored, but Chivalrous. And then out with his documents, & he plans Radiant hope for the New Year: for the young Charles his mother to go ringing his cowbells in advance. Included to write about Wm Morris. Oh & all the days of the boys.

Peter Watson changed when by Connolly. Guardsmen & Hamilton. The rank of bagging. Bertrich Nagan however the whole hive Stephen fallen into vanguard; sentimentalizing with Freud, another. Bleeding heart all over the place & J. holy heart, holy stomach. To a finer little eddy, just below the surface; - a familiar

grow. Tho' not so highly organized. To I dwell longing for the meeting to be over. I will look the days headlines - towards a settlement with Japan - The next phase in India: Red coat in Finland. 5,000 killed - no room for the rest.

BYPL

Monday
Feb: 5th

Dear Mr. Dr. - y^e. she want from though she looked it - &
her name? Hinder? Henckel? - I never caught it to the
Ureah family, - has just gone this morn'g February day in
which is concealed some flower some like feature, of spring -
at how does one feel that? has said - the light that
comes in a London street - more widely here: she has gone,
back to London, to her home with its lounge into modern
Swedish furniture, in Hampstead garden suburb. The son has
two babies off to Liverpool this morning to stay with their
Grand mother. And her husband is a doctor, & they are about to
spend two weeks in Bath. - Oh to have a Knapsack & go
travelling: she said, bring a swartzy bookbored red checked
racy Jewes. At least that phrase looked out lunch - her
her disarmed rater: she was born in South Africa. Native
much she said. Native want worn much very strong.
we discussed how nice ordinary people are. Then why are
they so repulsive in the man? A question not solved
partly because the land slip at Red Hill had made her so late
for lunch (Went to chicken: a little earlier: I looked till 2.30.
After that she & I returned to the library to discuss a Fabian
lecture on South Africa, wh- she is to undertake, she to
unhervine: & I in rubber & great coat played into the
mouth, which was, as I've said, feeling, oh very respectfully, for
the wind blew, over unopened Spring. Here I stop to insert a
remark the occurring: how we're being led to the altar this
Spring: its flowers with its shadow red & yellow & red in the
Garden with the bomb falling - oh, its a few some of
her time, brought to up to the Spring of 1940 - 20
I came back, & had to offer tea. Now at tea she showed
in a hard high hat into the common, the lemon on stool
acid vulgarizing the obverse, the cheap hard Jewes. Which
at lunch I hadn't seen. Imprinted with Nina, Carpet Dunlans
table she could only remember her Hampstead lounge: a
transition which made me think of the future: & what 'll it
be, ruled & judged by these active & ambitious & y^e all
competent. I suppose able, Fabian - Oh why don't they
any of them stand embrace something - but what? poverty, I
suppose. The dearth, the musical? Why must they
always stress the ugliness of life: & yet be themselves so vital?
use And feeling chilled & put in my little compartment, I
looked my little, & met poor dying women & the fresh L
in the high road & so here arrived

NYPL

Friday
10th Feb.

For some reason hope has arrived. Now what would be bait?
A letter from Joe Lickely approving my Correlli? Not much.
Tom dunnish in? No. I think I was largely reading
Nephew's auto biography: tho' it gave me a pang & sting, by
its youth & its vigor, - some good novelistic touches - I wd.
like to hold though. But its odd - reading that & South
Packer both mint new. Give me a jolt of the old
the evening I spent at Burke & Mill. A good
thing to read one's contemporaries, even rapid
travelling. She & life novel like how with it. And then,
I'm polished off, to the last jester button, the 3rd -
Chaplin for London a Monday; & got my teeth I think
from into the last transformation: & thought of
course I shall get the black shawl when I read
literature submit to her. May be. I can't help
thinking I've caught a good deal of that indecent man in
my oh w. laborer was butting her. I dare say I
wouldn't say so - certainly the last - 10 or 15 times over.
And I don't think I've & killed: I think I've bricked
Hena an evening slow. Get the wind cut like a
saw. The dining room carpet is turning to mould:
& John Buchan has taken in his head & is, apparently, dying.
I have already composed a letter to June, who, poor soul, with
be crying her eyes out over them in the great carbed
Palace that she hated so. I think the "adored" him: that is
being a poor, wicked poor protuberant John to be a kind of
Providencia. I remember all the MSS. bound in blue Morocco -
clearly combed - a kind of genius, the said - wastfully
looking for some corroboration. Indeed, the flattened me out
with John biography, inscribed by John. Now the
Thearman is also dead & Campbell. Is abroad with old
Parson friend - his bachelor Bussy friend. Now the
wind rises: something rattle, & thank God I'm
not on the North Sea, nor taking off to raid
Heliopolis. Now I'm just had ~~the~~ friend. Yes,
Nephew gave me 3 hours of continuous illusion -
& I can get that still, there's a word - what the
Quotation - There's a word outside? No. From Correlli?

BYPL

Sunday
11th Feb.

My way of postponing the writing of the year - the way, by the way - has tied up my purse strings again, as in the old days of 11/- a week pocket money - I write here: a note that the authentic glow of finishing a book is in me. Does that mean it's good; or only that I have delivered my mind successfully? Anyhow, after the very yesterday, today I made a stride, in that I think finish the work at 37. It's tight & uncomfortable anyhow. So, walking this mildish day, up to Telscombe I invented paper in paper & my future: what is to be just a fiction. The idea structure that the Leaning Tower school is the school of auto-analysis after the suppression of the 19th Century. Quote Stevenson. The explanation Stephen's Auld & Low MacVicar re: also I get the idea of Cerebration: poetry that is not unconscious, but shared by the surface circulation, to which the alien matter of politics, that can be found, contribute. Hence the lack of suggestive power. Is the best poetry that which is most suggestive - is it made as the fusion of many different ideas, so that it says more than is expressible? Well that's the line: at least to Public Libraries: the suppression of Aristocracies culture of common readers. Also to the end of class literature: the beginning of character literature: new words from new & blood; & the comparison with the Shakespearean. I think there's something in the psycho-analysis idea: it is that the L-Tower would describe reality: could had. Therefore to describe himself, as the product, or victim: a necessary first step towards freeing the next generation of repression. A new conception of the writer needed: & they have demolished the romance of 'Genius' of the great man, by diminishing themselves. They haven't explored, like H. James, the individual: they've haven't deepened: they've cut the outline sharper. And so on. I saw a grey heron's head: I only saw my thought. No more from Charles. But is absorbed in all this, I'm indifferent.

MYPL

18th Feb.

This diary might be divided into London days & country.
I think there is a cleavage. Just back from the London Chapter
Batter cold. This thickened my walk, which I meant to be
through crowded streets. Then the dark - no lighted
windows, depressed me. Standing in Whitehall, I saw my home,
"Home John", & drove back into grey dawn light. The
cheerful theatrical light of fading & evening in hours - so
much more cheerful than the country evening - to Holborn -
so to the Regent Lane. wh. I liked better, having stepped the
Chorus. Now silent here - a London silent: a great
dumb as lying couchant. The people I saw were, Maying Day:
2 or 3 hours: a frothing soft furrow & bundle: red noses, or
checked, with so many thorns in her softness. I remember:
"People are divided into lovers & friends" - to justify her love
each other. To me rummaged in old memories, & revived
what's been said to glen about Roger's love & character. The
off to France, & picked my apartment by suggesting that I should come -
& made me deplore my spiritual acquiescence: the so mobile.
Dinner party: Tom & Layon: Alice in afternoon. Layon
a pink plump hoarse oldish man: in his pale rancorous
sudden mood: complete silence: the rap out some
utiment, as hard as a walnut - no sequent, no
suggestion. Tom's great yellow bronze mask all
dropped upon an iron framework. An inhibited,
nerve drawn: drooped face - as if hung in a scaffold of
persistent heavy private brooding: & thought. A very
serious face. & broken by the flicker of relief, when
other people interrupt. Post-war talk? - I was about
Civilization. Ah the gent: against me. Said very
likely, more likely than not, this war means that
the barbarian will gradually freeze out culture.
Where we improve. Tom & Layon said the Greeks
were more thoroughly civilized. The slave was not so much
a slave as we ours are. Alice also perimised - saw
the light going out gradually. So I flung some
rather crazy theories into the air. Then to Hambart

NYPL

Wolfe, thinking odd like thanks from Tom's 'juicy' vanity.
That's upraising, his innocent awareness about himself as a
writer. About H.W. Alve had a story - how when I was
he received his death blow from S. Roberts, who read
him 30 pages: so he went home & died. That led to
Tom's saying he used commas at the beginning of a line: so I
added, & no capitals: then we searched for an old book to
find capital letters. Saxon omitted some relevant facts.
What else? Marked till 12, so there must have been
other things: John Buchan, I suppose. Yes, he died. I haven't
yet written to poor black Dore, who's unhappy I suspect
Chengye to be John as lightning conductor. Tom
talked about Hephais's diary. Page 2 of S's correspondence "for
I can't remember when T.S.E. said - were sent to T.S.E.
His benevolent - tolerant of the young. Oh & Gats.
Tom said Turner had made up to Gats, who was an
ill-read man: a witty successfully imitated him - hence
his transcribing. A good deal of old weather talk -
Tom's landlady providing me jug & plate. Tom bathing at
Faken - Oh & Sydney Waterhouse. "I never knew them (S &
Dawkins) in the momentary & stay" - Tom said with
his shy smile. I thought the same of Tom & Vivienne.
S. says Saxon felt himself on the shelf, so deep hard.
This is more or less an accurate statement of what is
the winter bread in the Spring of 1940. I had
Cilla's Finnish letter. People suddenly become Greek:
first group: remember what at least they ought to be feeling.
The wrote to me, in the blue, about the death, or
immortality of Finland. How like that means,
at 37... no: it means something, but what? -
Then I suffered from my clothes completely being
2 sets new sets of clothes, & being persuaded into a
blue striped coat by an artist & human woman at
Lewers. "But I want you to have this - I don't want you
just because you're in the country. To stay in as they - I'm
got to think of other... as if the ground at my
personal life - just: she seemed genuine. Or some I
looked a shaggy dowdy old woman. Then to Perse under
Elms: disappointing: flat: elemental situation bare of
words: like a scaffold. And B.L. not saying: a the
street kennels of gloom.

BYPL

Monday
Feb. 19th

I may as well make a note I say to myself; thinking
sometimes who's going to read all this scribble? I think me say I
may brew a thing in got out of it - in my memoir. Lytton is
hunched as my next task by the way. And 3 for a dead failure in
USA: but enough - I was going to write about Dally.
The snow came down on Sunday: thick white cake sugar all over
the garden, blowing into my room in the night: door hinge
frozen. The arrival battered, Cambridge, how unlike
John, up from Vaucluse: left this morning. And oh to be
alone - after 5 nights talk - a very nice young woman
with a brain; a magnet I called her: has picked up
so many facts: & adds objective facts: about Can. humors,
politics. That's her line. Not art: tho' she struts me by her
dispraise of the new Comos: a her respect for the artist - Atwell's
for instance. A lunch: tea at Charleston. "Blow you now"
said Alice. Snow falling. Talk - gossip: Robert Spares
has left Laura: Anceps: Can't left debts to be paid by
Dally: Never seeing him: Jane in 6 new eggs. Duncan
asked me to buy Agarella, wh. I did wandering in the snow.
Political argument about USA: Ireland between J. Chene,
& Dally - her real name's Elizabeth. Angelica went, not
disapproving. Dally (dog) kind Leonard - & smiled at me.
Talk about Hugh W. about Eddy Devonshire - about -
Impressa mostly gossip, with some Extraneous, about
Figs. - poor Helen anti-spy - brain pained by a bone -
contributed by me. London adventures. Vagon by the way
wrote to thank me. Home to look junky - tough.
how the thaw has come: L. has his barometer: Explains
it to me. Walk to open Mount Mercury. Snow still
thick, but the coast tracks run with wheels. Snow
Chard halfway to Knotts Basher. A dim wet ordinary
Wrexing winter day. Snowdrops on the grass. L.
and Connolly a crowd. Turned into the Army by Bottom.
In Dally went, & kind me, being a warm hearted woman,
rather valiant, & free minded. What'll become of her?
Oh & my new coat. The blue striped one, come, it's not
too bad. I'm pleased. And so the week starts again: -
I must send off - oh want clearer it - Roger to M.

MYPL

Monday
7th March

a fortnight - well on Saturday I shall be a fortnight -
with influenza. up today for the first time. Went down
my manuscript - what's the word for love & writing? - that
I open this. Had a white vapor: legs bent candles. All
hope abandoned. I think that was the main current.
lying in bed. Was feverish in London to abandon hope. Had
to scribble down my lecture, until that was abandoned: -
Came the last script of R. Then back a Saturday to her:
with a throat like plates of rough iron, which cracked
when I swallowed. Oh & before getting at her that bitter
Glenn I read my Chetash - Mr W. died 20 years, in
the St. S. I was pleased to support that memorial
very tolerably. A firm conviction somewhere in my
surroundings. Just there I lay abandoned. And read all
Havelock Ellis, a cautious cumulative. Heard a fired boat:
two pressed down with that very common woman. (Edith: 20)
judged her; but she won life to him: he lacked life; lacked
all quick response: & she was horror; famed; preached:
at last light on my window. And loved woman. His
honest - char but I think repudiated a too like the
How graceful Kangaroo with its cautious wot traps.
But that much due to influenza. Never fully. But
on female body. Very much - char, cheap, varied.
Crossed over. Moulds. I making rock garden. All
round of home life it filled. Robert & Martha bag
be attended. Some via person, want to hear me lecture,
sent me notes. A calm consolation. But how
now can we bring out R? And does it matter?
Anyhow finished. And my brain need not run on
the lecture can me stay. And... &... I forget.
Oh do the young men come which I was at - bad
Cherry. P. spraying apple trees: blue crosses
with moulds. Yes: end to my head as I do.

NYPL

Wednesday
March 20th

Get another attack - in fact 2 other attacks: one Sunday
week - 101 with Anglica there to put me to bed;
(On the last Friday, 102 after lunch. To be bed up here
in Dr. Room, & Dr. Took, who keeps me in bed
(where I sit up with L. reading proofs) till tomorrow.
That's the boring history. What they call Ullarney
with slight bronchitis. Yes. And the Books' read. a W. I
with out my chart, & wd. be interesting. The Sunday
(the 101 Sunday) I gave me a very severe lecture in
the first half. We walked in the meadows. It was
like being pecked by a very hard strong beak.
The more he pecked the deeper, as always happens.
At last he was almost angry that I'd chosen
"what seems to me the wrong method. It's merely
Anal, not history. Rusher's opinion. In fact due to
the outside. Ah those dead justahours. His theme was
that you can't treat a life like that: must be
seen from the within angle, when the liver is humming &
seen, wh. R wasn't. It was a curious example of
as at her most rational & impersonal: rather impressive: yet
so definite, so emphatic, that I felt convicted. I mean
of failure: saw for one odd gleam, that he was
himself in the wrong tack, & persisting in some deep reason.
Disregarding with R? Lack of interest in
Personality? Lord knows. I note the plucked
strand in my mind; ~~which was~~ & even while we walked
& the beak struck deeper deeper had the completely detached
interest in L. character. Then here came: disappears:
Mayou's letter "very above & interesting: then L. read the 2nd
half thought it ended on the Sunday at Oxford St.; then
her note "I'm angry can't thank you" - then
I had to tea up Lou: forced me to allow anything; the
Mayou's final letter - "No hain ... unbounded
admiration" - there I pause. Well, I think I

NYPL

2 - with certain pangs, have even in bed sketched them,
but how in time for this spring? That I shall tell
you now - just what all the same. It's a happy floor
this - just flowers hot; & walking in the sun; a
plan to make this my bedroom - have a bath in
Cupbas. Yes, it's a great step. Suppose at the half
first half were to be gone - as I'd decided - 3
months' ground... And then to be just got - a few -
Low to have given Nena back her Reg. lost I'm a
Johnan did. Now I'm rather proud of my tenancy -
confidence in that book - want to - I suppose to increase my
reputation as biographer, when to dunk as novelist:
want to 'be winging off in small articles & stories.
Wray story brought in £45 170 today; a translation
£20; & then Chabren says Harper wants an
essay on Ly Herk Vanhope. The book I read that
Christmas at Belmont. I finished two more, & sent
Lynne on the Kent of. Yes; so I'm up: & had a
letter from Kiba, who says we're out of touch. & she missed
her on my side I reply. The point anyway. I wrote to say
why I don't see anyone... Much thanks a fair
though fuzzy & flowery annual (has it felt?) & the
past 2 weeks. Cold blue & white weather from my
window. Mahel here. Suamby & Caphary
Arch. tho' the usual strain with L & Louie.
War thought to be beginning. Jean with Finas.
The Gs said Scapa. A degree. So we said
them. This may prelude a general attack. But
why work even this half with upon these blaring
booming politics? Even too, the rest of the day
whose name did he Heber told me he had no kind -
working enthusiasm for this even - though yet had
craved for the last - yet we must stick it out
he said. An average decent opinion.

MYPL

21st March.

Here is the Good Friday festival beginning. How one
can come that in a garden, with flowers a bush only,
I can't say. Now for me begins the twilight hour, the
emerging hour, of disagreeable compromise. up to
lunch - In the sitting room for tea. You know the
dreamy, merry, uncomfortable paper stream, picking
at the that frame of mind. And with R hanging over
me. Walk out as soon as possible, & keep on reading
Hewey's memoirs. And so come to the top slowly.
I'm thinking of some articles. Sidney Smith. Madame
de Staël. Virgil. Voltaire. or perhaps Joyce.
Now I'll let L. to find a life of Smith in the
Lower Library. A good idea. Poor L. - who looks
like an Elizabethan, the picture of Charles Lamb,
with his green velvet collar standing round his neck -
& is bothered with fetching & carrying. & is worried,
& with the old wadmen bucket of red coal
smouldering in him. I'll ring up Nina about
sending Helen that chapter, & establish an engagement.
I read Voltaire at Breakfast - Goldenweaver. But
I translated with her in 1923 & have almost
forgotten. Always the same quality - like thinking an
Esperanto student was. Even so imperfectly conveyed -
his rugged short-cut mind - to me the most, not
sympathetic, but inspiring, varying: genius
in the raw. Then more disturbing, more 'shocking'
now in thunderclap, even in art, even in lit.
than any other work. I remember that was my
feeling about W. P. A., read in bed at Twickenham.
Old Lanyon picked it up. 'Splendid stuff!' L.
Dear tried to admire what was a revelation to me.
His directness, its reality. But he's against
white graphic realism. Dally's same, has to do to
the vet. I'm coming out. One kind person like a
neat. all across a square as No leaves, a bush in
trees.
I'm just, about Russian, & let my leader
oddly out of.

NYPL

Saturday
March 24th

A curious mix. life has within, rather than, rather
treasure, & secluded & content. With ^{sup} in Li room: then I
slowly bath & dress & sit in the sitting room, quietly
entering Mr. Comstock's. Not much bothered really,
though I'm so short a time. I can't help thinking, a little of
L., that it's interesting. I can I think live & improve.
And I'm brought up, by M. & N. & W. And feel in me
fortunate I shall be just (oh no, there'll be proof) Then
an egg shell life - so gingerly do I step to avoid wounding
Hamp: which was 99 pl 4. It is again a letter up: but
if I don't walk in the wind I think I can regenerate, -
get keep my brain calm for the morning. Luckily
like me the spring lamb in my legs. Mabel increases
comfort 100 fold. And it's refreshing & rejuvenating to
see the gold thick clumps of Crotona, & the unspined
green daffodils, & to hear my Achean work dropping their
hurdy caw through the summing air. Birds are
having a trial. L. works all the afternoon when she
won't make the work forder. No Boken is doing.
Mabel & Louie have gone to check at Youtheane, -
the Lamber that. I'm beginning some scribbling -
& reading about Ape. That reminds me - to do a
C.R. on Darwin. V. & the Beagle one lecture:
I know the other. When I'm just of R & a bit
what I shall do with articles - & in the rest of not
have the whole building & a book on my shoulder!
By June there'll be the wave of work in June, & the bright sun.
but I'm fortified beforehand - that's all. The first book
that's been read first by others. Dear me, tho', I've many
paragraphs to rewrite, & there's the end, & Helen
will to comment. All the birds are sitting up in L. & V.
the twig carrying has begun, & this goes on while all
the jays are pointed & charged, no one dares
touch the trigger. Not a sound then - evening to
bring in the human tear. Remember the sudden
profuse shower one night just before war was made
me think of all men & women weeping.

NYPL

Tuesday
March
26th

A curious letter from Hugh the glum, parting which
I will copy. For I like reading old letters.

"As to my books [I write about Roman Forebairn] & more
I know that you would dislike some of it very much.
But hope you will like some which abundantly you do
MacCarthy speaks to me as to a child, & so does
Harold N. Parker & my babyish love & my toys in the
D.T. But do you care to hear the truth?

Half of me is very mature, half has never grown up at all.
I can't help my temperament which irritates you all.

I never had anything when I was young [can't read]
anything writing you I am the opposite of the
bloody thick? You are the supreme example of this
aesthetic - conscience - there has never been such

another in English fiction. But you don't
write novels. What you write need a new name. I am
the true novelist - a minor one but a true one.

I know a lot about the novel & a lot about life
seen from my very twisted child-haunted angle.

Had I been normal I might have been a major
novelist. As it is I am a diamere from

no I can't be bothered to copy you. It rather upsets
Beryl by the spirit of self-glorification - Crookes

dares - Harold & Chen - at the end. & there's all
the horror - all the truth as usual. What Desmond said was
he hasn't a "van" man.

Dear Ma, I'm no
mind to add my own comment.

John rings up to ask if he may bring a friend - a London
friend - to lunch tomorrow. Then shall we ask
Vera to bring Helen to meet Mayers? And there's

London in Monday. And I'm too busy to
keep my head. I shall R to the printer: & get

MYDL

red ging arbutus curlicorn. Ignorance was the biggest of them
Curlicorn. When I wrote T L S articles & knew nothing I

tried to make every sentence do instead of accuracy.
How one's mind invents one! A mercy, say it's a wild
flourishing a day: no output; rain falling & shaking the
windows. Lollie & Grace one. A great flut with

Flory & presents of tomatoes & plants. And
yesterday old Bollen faded out under the eye of Mrs West
who's layer out: night watcher to the village.

A frail old man; the last of the old villagers - last
Jedman - talking the melodramatic story, I sprang up with
word like 'nard' for shoulder, only, & grasping:
Get positive too. And a bow. Brings the milk he'd

May talking, so we always cut at the right time.
Like a hollow willow only freand man grown to look at.
a free I mean with very small shrouded grey leaves.
And what she to tell the tale! Such a battle at
the window. The effect of the war on weather.

Thank I look in, & take some more money instead of
taking my mind? No, I will not look at R. again.

What shall I think of that liberating & freshening?
I'm in the mood when I open my window at night look at the
stars. Unfortunately it's 12.15 on a grey, dull day. The
aeroplanes are active, Bollen is to be buried at 3. I'm
bored & tired after May, after John, after John after Q.

But it's the like antlike nothing of M. that infect me -
cent's running brain - emendation, fabricator, feeling,
data - & all the detail that runs to the non-water 20
every "just to add this about Joan ~" & time is
fortune. Thank you more old paper - a copying into the
Carbon - Lord Lord! And influenza damped. Look

I recall what shall I think of? The war. Say the
Thames at London bridge: a bridge a notebook: -
then walking along the Strand & looking back

Friday 29th
March

MYPL

for me a basket: each shop: & perhaps a Penguin. For me &
up in London. Monday. Then I think I'll read an Elizabethan -
like moving from house to house. Then back here I'll
Jaunt... oh yes & will travel over books round the
Coast - a hour tea in a shop - & look at antiques. &
there'll be a lovely farmhouse - & a new lane - & flowers -
bowls with L. & reading very calmly in C.R.s.
but no pressure. & May coming & asparagus. & butterflies.
Perhaps I'll garden a little oh & print. & change my
bedroom furniture. but oh, & what that makes life here
alone, no London no written room a long frame of
pleasure - & might be, could I be just a Helen G. & R.
I'm inducing a state of peace & duration feeling - not idea feeling.
The truth is we've not been spring in the country since
I was ill at St. Helens - 1914 - & that habit, holiness
in spite of this depression I think I'll also dream a post-pron book.
perhaps make a cake now & then. Now, now - never
any more future Mermaking in fact regretting - which the
Monday the Tuesday, don't take on the guilt of
selfishness feeling: for in just name I've done my
share, with pen & talk. for the human race. I mean
young women can stand on their own feet. Yes, I
deserve a spring - I owe nobody nothing. No one
letter need I write (there are the poems in M.S. all waiting)
nor need I have week ends - for others can do that
as well as I can, the spring. Now bring forward to the
flow of running water, I will read whenever I have time.

NYPL

Sunday
March 31st

I would like to tell you a new little wild improbable
story to spread my wings after this cramped and like
morning - what I will not debate - for debate are the death of
Mensch just, then - time not waste what he for -
free of entering Mr. conversation - upon it may be.
The story? - Oh about the life of a bird: its
chirp chirp - its brandishing of a twig by windows -
its demonstration of about Boston becoming me with the
mud - the story fading - the million faded flowers
under the delicate moan. All black like a
moving pillar by the woman was - the man in a
black cardboard casing. A story don't come - no but
I may unfold a metaphor - No. The windows
very close grey & dim blue island - a rusted on
L.V. & the man from a dark like the floor
of the sea. At the back of my head the story is still
wound tight. I wish unwind it playing howl. Then
Bobo. And still waxen legs. To carry the virtues of the
Metch - its random reaches to happy land - into the
finer work is probably beyond me. So far much
did in talk. Note. To Read P. Phylly. G. have
wood spring painted in very fine - flesh pink & elephant grey.
Knitting is also a help. May 23rd its action.
Butler all calm by poets. Asked to meet Tom. Desires at
Hutchinson. Statement. Wine. your foot. Old desires -
Thank me so? I would like to write short book stories.
I would like to recapture my own thing. S. & S. all
Scene. very sharp. Surprises. madly. Some
pediatrican studied haze. oh - she truly beautiful.
The door opened. In came ... William ...
Edward. Very dramatic. Plot from the 18th century.
Mostly in her winding up. No flags. Rather
poignant. And the love so intense, so
love sympathetic. old Mr. Dahwood the image of
Mr. Curber? Mr. Cordah? - Since I suffer
Canada. Marcella Jane, edited. With now
for my blue knitting.

NYPL

6th April
Saturday

Whom did we meet in London this week? Benjamin
Doobis the very moment we arrived - thick & thin
clipped, grey, with a rainbowy metal ribbon
across his breast. Training cadets at Fife.
Keen unconscious young men, very good at their jobs:
instinctively patriotic: the rest 'Bolsheviks' - I mean
the intellectuals. Asked his professional opinion
about the war. B. said it might last years.
No one can afford to attack. W. Lenin driven by
some good, then we shake it: until perhaps
food or other shortage drives better to string. No
sign of it so far. All just run for pharmacists' raid.
So, having little to add, we planned down into
Civilisation talk: about books, the young, the
growth of classes, the origin of biography: at
Doris last poem "didactic", & he left
thanking me for civilisation. Also he mentioned
Valentine, the house keeping: how her children
in America: & how we all descend the rays of
lady & gentlemanhood. Has inherited from her odd
paw-breaking banking loss father a great chest of
V^o Solvi. Then a day in bed with headache.
Then to my task again - Tues: lunch with John:
out wonder: a round mild thickened brown young man,
rubbed, smoothed. No relation of G.T.'s: now at the
N. S. where he feeds Raymond talk. At we
talked we backed thick steak; Oh said John my
woman has a dodge for getting rabbits. No wonder.
Some Bloomsbury Club home: & for the first time in my
lunching out, I had to exchange for a steak that I would
cut. And that with difficulty. Then L. was
redolent & nudged by Miss Roberts for 2 hours.
A French clock left by Sir Hugh Bell went on

NYPL

feeling

Waking. The uncovering the secret of the man from Frodsham
had made it — to leave as the MS of Raymond in his will.
I spent one afternoon at the L. looking up justice.
Another busy day for me. & we did not come
with the Hutchinsons to meet Tom & Dora. & how
glad I was of the morning evening. And so at
12.45 I started L. the 2 MS. & we drove off as
happy as Bank Holiday clerks — that's off my
shoulder! Good a job — done. So I felt wings
on my shoulder: & broaded quickly. Lick the
fire punctured: we had to jackal in midroad:
& I was like a shark, all cramped, when we
got here. And it's a keen spring day; immensely
let a faked & cold - wet: all the groups of
daffodils yellow along the bank: lost my 3
james, & want nothing but sleep. Still, the ideas
push: & what's the other (about) for an
energy and character. Brava this at
Roger though "no inherent in him in the USA".
Two days holiday before I begin my lecture. Nothing
for. Ready to go by night. odd feeling
to have done (temporarily) a book. And
is it good or dull? — And what'll he do
friends say? Never mind that for 3 weeks.

Saturday
13th
April -

"The first crunch of the war" — that's how
Winston put it. The Gp. have invaded Norway.
Battles are going on. News leaks out.
Some say there is still no downfall. I must make
then record, for in fact it gives the old & old
stretch to the back curtain of the mind. A
fine spring day in front: daffodils, hemerocallis
Groups along the terrace. Aeroplanes overhead.

MYPL

Mine fulls low, apparently to let a land over army.
 I write; because it's a crunch; after the long lapse;
 also that I'm maddly with lecture writing. Must ease my
 head. There are my ~~in~~ motives. And Nina rags up
 about the Roger pictures. Herbert Fisher was knocked
 round, had arm & ribs & skull fractured 2 days ago by a lorry
 in Wexley, London: perhaps I got some demand - No letter.
 Mr Charane to be about the play on Monday. Walking
 up the violet bank this afternoon. Ready & dry. Must
 damn this running in the head that comes of lecture
 writing - Can't think why I bother: why I let myself
 run on - not suppressed nervous? partly. Now I'm
 impetuous. But surely it's exercise to go on making up.
 when it's only 20 or 25 laps in black harness. What
 make up for. Dinner in the oven. Meat had -
 Kara. Eggs for dinner. Fish for L. maccaroni. And
 its time.

Saturday
 April 20th

Demand to dinner London walk. Talk went like this:
 "You're the spot of my day John -" He said he
 wanted that not wanting "Must have the muddy London streets -
 to S.S. rain. Oh & there's so much to talk about. "And
 let me in your father's shabby old books - Now (at dinner)
 a few leading questions... about the war. Have a listen for
 Jerry G. something, anything: but no arm. We must see to
 that. And is it important? ... Then, I must tell you -
 I've told several people - a very unbroken. Given reading
 the Hesperides - the monthly bits - when a voice said
 August 16th Armistice day... But which August?
 And I want to know. Was an outer voice. Was
 Henry & Herick... After dinner, - & Michael in an
 unhappy state. No sense of comfort. Can't love a silly
 Cockney woman, nor live with a rough woman...
 The women I've loved never cared for clothes. I like
 Quizzing Cal. Why all this London? Even Rachel
 has a silly row of curls. You won't dream of
 painting your face. Diana, after a time, I found in

MYPL

in spite of the Equimau x Turner & head - Oh how ridiculous she
looked meeting me at the station - this hunter Roger... a
very dull little woman - I'm very curious to read of her work.
It is such an odd book. I saw her in Wren's great
Court. That R.F. said Eddy made a gigantic intellect -
It is too hot to talk to a man with that intellect...
Molly is a lady. David says all the same she says
my coarse shawl. I'm writing her name Mrs. Debonair.
It is my autobiography under M. marriage money -
Easier for a short-winded writer than a book...
One has the power of sequence with age. Can't
prolong an emotion. The Senile forget at once.
My daughter dead? [weeps] but why I fear you are
man made for tea? I only like that breakfast...
I'm not my shape of old age. It is this lack of intimacy
the young men in it. Certain girls are ruled by age...
The Sunday Times has cut me down £250. And my mother
only left 11,000. I gave D. & M. each £1000. So I'm
about square. But I afford to buy a home in
Leam? Molly wants to have a very nice tidy home. I don't
mind regular. Then I had a room in London -
cup of tea sent up. like Morgan... The young can
describe paper things - a huge ven from the train. M.
One doesn't remember them. We read Voltaire. I
kept doing things in my selfish way. They need
Jane Austen - Eddy is saying what Mr. Thorne did on
Wednesday. That was about Hugh Westcott -
Spencer ought to be in more about they - everything is
nothing. The idea of being perfectly frank with the public -
when a Moore coming? Ask him to stay an extra day.
I'll march that much end - May 18th in my book.
Julius Dull gave it me - Give me one every year.
Oh I'm stayed so late - $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1...
And we had Schlegel & Herbert too. And came back yesterday.
I remember Alice saying how he was the only person who
felt uncomfortable when a finger had a fly on the window.
I had meant to write some words for you. But the talk has
rattled me. A stuffy evening. I've remembered Herbert
Fisher dead. I've seen him too long
before - of course.

NYPL

Monday
25th Apr.

My mother, I was thinking had 2 characters.

I was thinking of my memoirs. The platform of time.
How I see father from the 2 angles. As a child
condemning; as a woman of 58 understanding -
I had day to thinking. Both views true?
Herbert's death recalls him. The grown that man
with Keli me! H. going up to take in the study.
Hearing his wheeze & laugh on the stairs at night.
Evidence of a prodigal son. I thought. He came into
the day nursery. Addressed in to read some Shelley's.
Uncanny condemnation. A more friendly memory &
walk at Rugby. I had to choose the way.
Chore against his wish. His pocket coat. The King's coming.
Oxford. Uncle H. advising. Could he present his
shyren. How he told Susan "Don't be a fool!"
Crossing the river, when she screamed. At Oxford when a
don. walking to Boar's Hall. He asked me about
Trevi's book. I praised it. He demurred. The same
question next year. I demurred. He defended - but
pleased. His vanity. His advice at the White
house. Herbert required physical training. I was left alone
to consult him. Did I suggest history? or fiction? a
sorrowful differing interview. "H. port her when on the
wheel room table". Then the Cabinet - coming to
Hogarth Room. discussing action v. contemplation.
when quarrelled at work. "some uneasy
self-consciousness. The Magnolia at Kew. H.
looking. And the lunch - the Duke's visit. "Not I at
Cabinet meeting". A long talk alone about
Armistice day. Olive brought him. He cheered. Told me
about McNair. The war was today. So to the
last very social meeting at New College. The
Poult. His last cat head. His hollow benevolence. His
thick. His affection. His consideration. His enthusiasm.
John & Ted. His heroic woman. mellowed - asking
me to come again. Saw me Homer gave me his book.
Saw the Dubana too great. & so - I shall give him
the pleasure - never went there. And that one.

NYPL

Herbert Fisher as a young man was almost ungainly: with his prominent cheekbones & adam apple. He had innocent blue eyes: a wisp of hair. Much improved in dignity & distinction as he aged. Finally the very type of Culture & distinction - light in a pea jacket. Compassionate, benignant, wary. A crane like man. Much like Adrian. Butcher's bath day 3 days ago - Luchow head - Swallow's com. Advertisement: For 10 years housekeeper & faithful friend...

Not the doglike attributes. There is nothing unbecoming in much admiration for a man who knows how to bear unhappiness with courage. Seneca.

Lady, formerly supported by brother, Army Colonel ... in urgent need of an only income gifts from former servant

Monday 6th
May.

Nena has just been told in a 'very touching piece of family news' - A's affair with B. (I kept to the discretion of initials). A most astonishing piece of news. Today they set off for 2 months alone in Yorkshire. Pray for the may time & that rascally, really slow old dog with his amorous ways & his primitive mind. It makes me feel awfully old: even true love. The emphasis that Nena feels, as Man goes. A. off alone in love, passionately, with some one else to be her father. How curiously without guile & laughter; Julian, death renewed - And what can she be feeling, in the train to Yorkshire this sudden May morn? All the nightingale singing from that rascally Caroline jaw? And the future? I prognosticate an agreeable truce in 5 weeks from now. A scene with B: then a happy summer here, half repentant, as when she gave up the stage. This blocks the way to my crowded London diary, & reduces it to fiction & pattern. Olive's night: the politeness; Mary's visit: the Duke of Devonshire's midnight daffodils; Olive's unshaven cheeks; Desmond next day - all this I have like torn scraps in a wastepaper basket. Here my

NYPL

to with Hugh; the Jack & fatty Ryan; Hart Davis, pedd
from Peter Fleming; the sulphurous water the green
Park; the traffic; Hugh's eodombec's confession of
Affection; our intimacy interrupted; the Raymond; the
a little not round Woully's discourse on the gods -
which should bring in my lecture; 200 about there;
Robinson's Carnation; no fear on my part - a 20
home, last Friday, Jaded & Jangled, with my proofs -
a this evening's work blown up, by this explosion of
love; the dream of the Yorkshire moon, & those two
telling the supper in order, & returning to the work.
Nothing with me in her to marry. So the land
receded from my ship which draws into the sea of
old age. The land with its children.
And we have withdrawn from Norway the first defeat
of the war. Hawhaw has it all her own way.
Herea advent in to prognosticate about that. Compare
Magna's optimism 3 weeks ago - War practically over...
Kingsley's gloom croaks in triumph. Another lull.
In London we had Wogan, Stephen the Stephen again
with his last poem at 12 a.m. So the book
succeeded at; I praised it. John - with Mrs L.
has broken her thigh. The world is such I shall have my
wood fire. Wrote to GBS this evening.
The worst you will ever find in the Rev. 2 fathers.
Can do tramp come to spend Christmas. I gave him 2,
a then reflect - should I spend 1/6 on Sturges?
The money eagerly contracts a woman. Oh the forgotten
I think what's visit, & why. Can only answer whom
may read the hope that will see, talked a great deal,
2 I've laboured over my wretched work, unable to
struggle my curricula with one line and
with her - for the 2 weeks that have passed
since I described Herbert's death - about which
Mary, to the war, was highly philosophic.
But Maria no Anglican to board your car.
It's odd how much I thought of that letter, -
now it's all long, oh - the agony in the sweat & the
old man passing me, the sea at Fiddlers, & the
man in flood with the whole, 20
L-called her.

NYPL

Monday
May 13th

I admit to some content, some closing of a chapter
a peace that comes without, from working my proofs
today. I admit - because we are in the 3rd day of
"the greatest battle in history." It began (here)
with the 5th of October ~~and~~ would be tomorrow, as I lay
half asleep the invasion of Holland & Belgium.
The third day of the Battle of Waterloo. After
Blonow knowing the Jordan. A bowe took in the pond.
Churchill exhorting all men to stand by the "The
nothing to offer but blood & tears & sweat" then
was solemn ~~these~~ shaken further Circulate.
They aren't large substance; but they make ~~any~~ ^{any}
blue minute. Duncan saw an air battle over
Charlton - a delta pencil - a puff of smoke.
Perry has seen the wounded arriving in their
boats. In my little moment of peace comes in a
jawing hollow. But though I say he has petrol
in the garage for the future. Did Hitler win,
we go on. In the vanities, & the smallness, that make
this possible. So intense are my feelings (about Rye).
Get the circumference (the war) seems to make a
hoop wound them. No, that's the odd incongruity
of feeling intensely & at the same time knowing
that there's no importance in that feeling.
Or rather, as I sometimes think, more importance
than ever? Barker gave me the war -
me G. & Anna. A horrid little sketch called
Lee wants a morning, about Curber. G.
& the Watsons dine. And we have Desmond
more than week end. I made beans for tea
today - a sign my servitude to proofs (jolly) &

Over.

Yes, we are being led up farlanded to the altar.
A soldier with his rifle. The Dutch fort - Count here.
Wanted of Cleggman in parachute. War was -
a great battle - the hot day. with the Blonow
in the grass. A plane goes over -

Monday

NYPL

Wednesday May
15th.

An appeal last night for home defence - against parachutes
L. says he'll join. An acid conversation. Our nerves are
harassed - mine at least. L. evidently relieved by the
chance of doing something. Gun & uniform to me
highly ridiculous. Behind that the strain. This morning
we discuss suicide in Hitler lands. Jews beaten up.
What point in working? Better that the garage door.
This a sensible rather matter of fact talk. Then he wrote
letter. I too. Thanked Bernan Shaw for his long
letter. Closed my letter contentedly. A thunderous hot day.
Heute laid down arm last night. The great battle
now raging. Ten days, we say, with utter str. ?
Gun we hold. Then dig in: about Nov. The USA
comes in as arbitrator. On the other hand -
Mabel ~~can~~ just come. The rays these building
wooden bridge behind the others on the Thames.
Pop-pop-pop, as we play bowls. Probably a raider
open Eastbourne way. Now thunder rain sets in.
L. P discussing Men Emergo fruit. John
wishes he'd come up. Mr. Pritchard (the old one)
dead at last. No, I don't want the garage to be
the end game. I'm a work for 10 years more. ^{to}
write my book wh- as usual darts into my brain -
L. finished his yesterday. We were cleared up our
book accounts - tho' its doubtful if we shall
publish this year. Why am I optimistic? or
rather not either way? because I am honest. Then wa.
One old lady penny in her cap has more reality.
So gone dear, it'll be a common sense. Full
end - not comparable to a day walk, & then an
Evening nearly over the fire. Hospital train to be.
A hot day to be wounded. Ayhew, I can't last
this intensity - so we think - more than 10 days.
A fatal book this. Still some blank
pages - what shall I write in the next 10?

NYPL

Monday
May 20th

This idea struck me: the army is the body: I am the brain. Thinking
is my fighting.

This idea was meant to be more impressive. It bobbed
up I suppose in one of the & absent moments. The
war is like desperate illness. For a day it entirely
obscures; then the feeling faculty goes out; next day
one is disembodied, in the air. Then the battery is
re-charged, & again - what? Well, the bomb
terror. Going to London to be bombed. And the
catastrophe - they break through Channel. This
morning said to be then objection. Last night
Churchill asked us to reflect, when being bombed,
that we were at least drawn away from the wilderness, for me.
Wasn't. Moor are at this moment reading. I.e.
talking under the apple tree. A fine windy morning.
Moor has a slash of soft unattached hair: red
rimmed eye, very steady, but less force & mass to him
than I remembered. Len gave behind his infidelity
which is unalloyed, but a little weakened in thrust
by the sense of age (65) & not quite such a
solid philosopher. Same as I suppose when we were all
young was anti-epistolary. Is that our weakness - how
much I was at the sign - how timidly I ventured my
little compliments - is now what one might call
retrospectivity. At his jeremiad with Peter &
Quentin we remembered his great influence: his
silence. "I didn't want to be silent." I
couldn't think of anything to say he said, retreating. I
think with some feeling that he'd carried this
influence too far - even change that he had silenced
his generation. Hence his dependence on De Mowat:
who should talk, to the formal home, to the cat,
when he was a baby. I was sent to school to silence him.
May old memories. There stand then a kind of
Gauze over the war: wh. is broken by happen: & at
Lichfield in time. The war then is waged before us

MYPL

let I throw Coleridge into the fire: & it takes another
leap. D. & I discussed hence; & some of the old anecdotes of
Cicero appear intact. A Good talker makes his toilet
as morning much as a Mary Winkles makes up.
Went for word we had the definition of age: wh- I
think I rec'd of a dinner. What is impression
however, are the impressions. I like hearing
Desmond give his first version - say of - I fight
on the spur of the moment. Nemo - I rate
talked here (the lady) which they would. Politics -
the peace term - how the young haven't had a chance -
Even we. The knitting of grey stockings: with hair -
Now at the Lincoln Galleries. Then to London
the whole of your tomorrow; & a Friday here again.
Eyes & the proofs have liberally needed; nor can I
tackle Walpole - haven't even used the book: &
it's 1/2 to 12: then lunch: Extraneous Juneau fowl:
Moo manna like a Chaff cutler: I guess has
not a liberal table at home; taken a logical
view of food: eats philosophically to the end:
while Desmond Franklin says - Cream also
liberally but cratically. To the housekeeper in me
runs into bang, in this miserable life of detail -
housework.

Saturday
May 25th

Then we went up to what has been so far the worst week
in the war. And so remains: On Monday evening, stirring
freshness, before Tom & Wm. P. came, the B.R.C.
announced the taking of Amiens. At 11 PM
low the truth: Knocked all our "holding" to atoms.
On Monday they broke through. Its tedious picking up
detritus. It seems they raid with tanks & parachutists:
would cram me with refugees can't be bombed. They
crash on. how are at Boulogne. But it also
seems these occupations aren't altogether solid. What are
the great armies doing to let this 25 mile hole
stay open? The feeling is we're outwitted. They
are so fearful & up to any new & dodge. The
French forgot to blow up bridges. The G's

MYPL

seem youthful, fresh manner we had before. This to wait on
the 3 London days. The party (Hardy) agreed to ignore.
William told a story about Mr Hyde Colvick. Camellia hat
being burnt as a wreath upon a cremation. Tom, I
thought, is organizing (after Irmund's finality) into that
curious ~~very~~ written epistle. Colvick - I... both people
read only our best poems. They ignore all the rest of me.
It is difficult, when lecturing, to leave out scenes -
yet poor man & this complacency gives him a shell, and
doubt it protects him from suffering. A very red centre,
red torturing, red examining man - seen against
Irmund's broad beam. Moore's Candel Child's eye.
Then Thad Lyght: a noted her - what in another would be
her own: he ran at arms: the working all day: yet her
is much fluid woodmen, something hard at bottom
that one doesn't credit he with enough of her courage.
"We're all in it" she said: simply: yet then curled -
thriveless, because we had had W. M.: & she had been
talking to the respectable Cynthia Asplund. Every woman at
once. Then there was the mad K. O.: all his hair
broken up: heavy, yellow, bloodshot. To begin with he
told us the story of a Voltaire. It struck me he lived in
what he said: make it do instead of living. Then
fabricated what he calls a theology. From that he
turned to Gertrude's suicide. Her become
chance-mated & violent. But his madness was, about the
war. He seemed raving. He seemed almost
drunk. All the old rage with Murray, now with
Farish. All German are dead. We must
kill everyone. Then some have brain scheme.
Smoking the expensive cigarette. And his handshake
as crushing as ever - as powerful. But something
gone queer - a screw loose. He gets up at 6
to listen to the BBC at 7. is obliged -
standing alone at Acacia Road. Does he
own home work, a denouement. Lays down the law.
Had lectured further about his son. Rodmell
lives with rumors. Are we to be bombed, Hospital
Evacuated? Gun that shake the windows. Hospital
they drink. Is it come over way.

NYPL

Tuesday 28th
May.

29th May

Today, rumour is the skin in the face who pays
her face with a man's hand.

Got And today at 8, the French P.M. Broadcast the
treachery of the Belgian King. The Belgians have capitulated.
The Government is not calculating. Churchill to
broadcast at 4. A wet dull day.

But hope rises. I don't know why. A desperate battle.
The allies holding. How sick one gets of the phrase - how
long to make a dull Cooper speech, about victory -
hunting, where one knows the end of the sentence. Still
it cheers, somehow. Poetry as Tom's dead is easier to
write than prose. I'd feel off patriotic speakers, to the
dozen. L. has been in London. A great thunderstorm.
I was walking on the marsh. Thought it was the Jews on
the Channel ports. Then, as they swerved, I called a
raid on London: turned on the wireless, heard some
prattlers: & then the Jews began to lighten. Then it
rained. Mr. Redman is off north for the duration.
We had our first aid meeting. Miss Emily English
County Quarterhead at the bar: sturdy, yet
conciliatory, lucid, humorous. with a variety of medals
tabs. Everything spaced, brief & clear. I said
the English genius for unofficial organisation. He
about the water w. - the tap & the Rectory
Dullery - very tactful too. Mr. Black,
Hubbard, like a great turkeycock, head of the
Committee. Hubbard limping outside. Then the
plays rehearsed here yesterday. My contribution to the
war is the sacrifice of pleasure. I'm bored: bored -
appalled by the ready-made commonplaces of these
plays - which they can't act unless we help. I mean,
the money so cheap, compared with our, like -
bad novel - that my contribution - to have my
mind smeared by the vixen, & to be a man; &

TYPE

May

to endure it, & the simpler But this is to be qualified - only
these Men Giffiths coming for the week-end - all
simpler & qualification. Dr. of Margaret de Daven says,
how indolent we middle-class women are,
I argue, why can't the workers then fight us?
What's wrong in the conventionalities - not the Coarseness
to that it's all killed & dulled. The very opposite of
"common" or working class. Rejoin P.H. again
today. & threshed, threshed till perhaps a little
Grain can be collected. I sent off my Walpole too.
Cyril dinner I began doing much; plan being to
keep short flights going: P.H. in between. Oh for -
we can't plan, anywhere, a long book - H. Braes
label that they accept Ryan - whom, which, I'd
almost forgotten. To that a million; & whom I'd
been speaking failure. It can't be so bad as all that.
250 advance. But we shall I suppose certainly
postpone. Reading master & Coleridge & Wordsworth
letter of a night - curiously untwisting & burrowing
into that plucked hair. Written from Cant they
for thinking of raid. No also of Louisa, brother.
Ramon about swags, wounds & Col - Westmacott.
They're fully furnished in 5 minutes. Rain - &
purple & now stone - Clear one Laban & the bird
thouting. A rill of snow - a ^{flutten} wham - no contending
or Connection with each other. Reading
Thomas & Quana by Chubutou. His thickish
over influence mind makes me shy. (like a horse)
not straight forward, but has a good engine in
his head. I want to send out parachute into
these remote places - I can't find the word I want.
- prospector, perhaps?

Monday
30th
May

walking today (Nevins perhaps) by Kynsika trail
now my first hospital train - laden, not
femereal, but weighty, & it not to shake bones.

NYPL

May

something what the word I want. Grieving & tender & ^{heavy laden} -
bringing our wounded back carefully through the green fields
at which I suppose some looked. Not that I would see them.
And the faculty for seeing in imagination always leaves
me with a ~~rather~~ ^{rather} ~~supper~~ ^{supper} with something hardly visual partly
emotional, I can't though it's very pervasive, catch it
when I come home - the glowers, cadaverousness, grasp the
long heavy train, taking its burden through the fields.
Very quickly it slid behind into the cubing at Lewis.
Instantly wild duck flights of aeroplanes came over head;
maneuvers: took up position - passed over Cabon.
Ferry has been West's most man, home on leave. very
then, drawn & aged: says it's a hell: was at Amos: all had
to fight. And the same stories on the papers about the
brutality to refugees. Mr. Dedman is off north - Louise
wounded a red. Her mother can't stand the strain now the
boys are gone, alone with the chattering idiot. A Mrs.
Ceynes, who loves my books, called, to suggest a
mental home. Mr. West has made up his mind to become -
name & let him go. So what to become of father, Louise asks,
whose nerves are bad? This is a pinch of Mother in
the company of Rodmell too. No news today. Holding the line -
heroism - all the usual peroration, in the usual
high flown terse voice. For a speaking voice, once in a way -
not Harold's though, which surprised me as with an Mr.
McLaren. "Does Mr. Nicholson speak before or after dinner?" -
like the importation of personality in writing - say Meredith
High, or Carlyle, when one wants facts. And being broken at
bonds liberates me; & I'm strained writing P.H. - so much more for
than than Roger. And no meat today. And needed this
morning. And even very happy - the moment can be that: only
there's no support in the fabric - if you see what I mean, -
Charles Jager used to say. - There's no healthy time round
the moment. It's blown out. But for a moment, on the
terrace, no one coming, alone with L., one's certainly
happy. And I like the windblown state of your body in the
open air - wind, warm wind washing all the crevices.
a feeling one doesn't have in London. An air
cleanliness, not a soap, water one.

Armen
wrecking
unbroken
in the
uncovered
left wing

BYPL

31st May -

Verapet roots & fragments, and sand in Pkt. which is now bubbling -
The playing with words: a thick voice more desirous to play games
here - but the scraps: Louise has seen Mr Westmacott more
"It's an eyesore" - his description of fighting near Boulogne.
Perry wedding: What confusion in the end. We were sure
of winning the other battle... "Raw, said to be wounded, last
night. Like the reachlight in extreme antennae vibration.
They have blots & signs, like beads & dew on a shawl. Mr.
Hanna 'dressed by' had the negro. Rumour, very likely:
Rumour who has transposed the English in Belgium who, with
them got stuck back & some sets in a car coming from
Flanders, were taken for parachutists: condemned to death.
Released: & returned to Scotland - Rumour, via Perry, transplanted
them to "Somewhere near Eastbourne" - & the old village
armed with rifles. What looks like - Show what is
surplus of unworldly imagination we possess. We - the
Educated - chuck it: and checked my cavalry on the
down at Pollock & transformed them into cows drinking.
making up again. So that I could remember, coming home,
I'd come to the mushroom bath in the field. How
amazing that I can tap that old river again: & how
satisfying. But with it lost? I made out the whole of the
End: & I need only fall in: the faculty, dormant
under the weight of Roger. Spring up. And to me it
the voice on the street again. "Any washerwoman?" how?
was interwoven in the jangling bell - small boy in white
jacket come, I suppose, for fronts. "Mabel says they prefer us
daily at 37: & make off with the goods. Desperate
fighting. The same penetration. Coming through the door &
saw Mr Cockle in old garden hat wedding - but comes &
wand in mud on apron & cup filled with blue ribbon.
Why? To keep up standard of civilization? I also heard a
pick - pick and I heard Mount Mercury, crouched low
under the thick hedge & low parley, & saw the
Arab - see - Viki's sudden, marched on. Loud feet
wedding in the field by the river. One gleam in blue
flower & green head band: the other a dumpy elderly
thunder, with a red bottom in Kneukbocken.
Two more, with hairdress hair, among the wedding.
Wells & Thompson men. began Balzac. Vautrin.

NYPL

May

Leonard saw, after Mrs. Giffiths went, "Not given them so much
happiness, we expect to put up with it from time to time". I said,
But how, seeing the new shock, was it unresponsive as a fish
Could it have given him pleasure? "The black such an awful life in
Cuba. The likes the Lord & nothing in a garden". Then fairly
gives up a very laboured week-end; when we drew bucket up
after bucket & nothing happened. Action is nothing. The lower
with an Aunt as a grandmother who forgets they. - they have gas.
But we made her sing. Monteverdi. - the song just simply.
With the many? or facts? Again I'm struck with the
helplessness the lower order. Ah yes in fact. What can they
get at? - Louise said this morning "The Duke of
Northumberland has been killed". I had a lane & a very
heavy tree fallen. A young man so loaded with
everything to be looked. A kind of wash stream, from Duke
to fish, compared with a Hamlet West. I was woken by
a great boom rattling windows. Leonard for another hour
came. But 2 bombs were dropped "in June". Buller's -
2nd week end - the very peak of the first summer.
May still in but braced. A strong wind today; none
yesterday. From Mrs. Giffiths looking at the evening - To
Guest after Action. Nona & Dora & I over on Saturday.
he distant Helen W. said, this is not intimate enough with you
to be honest about money. Then A. & B. - how discreet!
W. can only say when Pan the salt - He would not
begin upon his anger, and referred mine. Nona said, the
map look on the good side. The might have loved an
African. He has an odd streak of luck. Then the
week end descended. I've just only just been beaten at
bowls. Breakfast was at 7.30. And this time
tomorrow that I must be having lunch with
Colfax? I think so yes: in order to discipline myself.
Only clothes? Shoes? Stockings? 4 5th of the army over here
now. A respite - a pause, perhaps. Perhaps Italy comes in...
Then, what about Rye? No proof. We have now
been hard at hero-making. The laughing, however.
Tommy - how can we be worthy of such men? - Every
higher. Every other. rises to that heavy false cheer
hero-making strain. With they be friendly organ. in the
that in 6 months? It's the emotional jubilee; not
at all false; get inspired with some sex to the main chance.
So the politician-made guns & tanks. No. It's the
might making those the war was in. "Please, no letters"
I read this twice in the Times Death Column
from parents of dead officers

MYPL

Friday
June 7th

Just back this morning hot evening. The great battle
which decides our life or death given. Last night an
air raid here. Today battle had thanks. Left for 9.30
This morning. Kingly depressing his next Charcoal glow.
Question of suicide seriously debated among the 4
R. Macaulay the one - mine gradually darkening
room. At last no light at all. Then a symbol.
French are to be beaten: invasion here: 5th & 6th
active: a German pro-council: by 4 got in
Canada: we in concentration camps, or taking
deeper draught. The men now in Ireland.
K.M. gave us about 5 weeks before the great
attack on 4th began. I with confidence tomorrow when
ten days. Saw Stephen, John, Morgan, Judith.
Raymond, K.M. Rou Macaulay, Penalty W. Robson -
but can't discriminate.

Sunday
9th June.

I with confidence - but can I? The pressure of this battle
wipes out London pretty quick. A gutting day. Is as
sample of my present mood, I reflect: capitulation will
mean all Jews to be given up. Concentration camps. So to our
Garage. That behind connecting Rye, playing bowls. One
takes any sense of comfort - Disappointment arch. I should say
intense. But today the line is bulging. Last night
Aeroplane (G?) over: that's what's following. I packed my
windows. Another reflection: I don't want to go to
bed at midday: this refers to the Garage. What we
dead (it's no affirmation) is the news that the French
Gort: have left Paris. A kind of growl behind the
Cuckoo & other birds: a furnace behind the sky. It
trick me. That one curious feeling, that the writing 'I',
has vanished. No audience. No echo. That parting
death. Not altogether discomf, for I correct Rye: send
finally I hope tomorrow: & could finish P.H. But
this is a fact - this disparition van echo.

MYPL

Monday
10th June.

a day off. I mean one of those odd lapses of anxiety which may be false. Anyhow they said this morning that the line is unbroken - Jan at certain points. And our army has left Norway & is going to their help. Anyhow - it's a day off - a coal getting day - & I've been by electric light. And cool miraculously after the furnace. Today, too, I sent off my page proof. & then have read my paper for the last time. The index remains. And I'm in the doldrums; a little sunk, & open to the suggestion, engaged by the memory of Leonard's coolness, enforced by John's silence, that it's one guy's failure. Reading it as closely as I did, I couldn't generalize the whole. I think it has a certain completeness: but I also think there are patches of anal; too much quotation; sometimes it's cramped & poky. That's about all I can lay hands on at the moment. The 2nd book stage is on me.

Now to record a funny little - what shall I call it? - the snag in my Elizabeth Bowen relationship. I decided, as my October letter went unanswered, & as Rose had said she'd seen her, to take that letter back when home & telephone: the war out. So I sent a card, asking if we could meet. No answer today. If there's no answer at all, then that friendship over. But why? Can't conceive. But can't I go on working over it must be. And indeed, it's not so petty a snag; for I was fond of her: & I think she was. And we could talk reasonably. And this is the only one of the younger generation of women ... But what the use of asking what can have happened? Some gossip? Some mischief making? But as I never said a word, or saw any go between, - again, what the use? If she's dumb, one of these days I'll ask David Cecil. That's my little snag.

Now I must at once forage, & busy my self. Raymond, who is keeping me up for the M. of Information, sends me Hargo. I'm not in the mood for memoirs. What next? Darwin? No de Gaulle? What not to be told, yet short. I must put my head to the yak, so as to cover these weeks. P.H. can be crushed. And my sketch of the Past continued. Some experiment I think. The old book of Critical Experiments, perhaps. Yes, an Experiment not a Judge.

NYPL

June:
Tuesday 11th

wednesday
12th

^{or yesterday}
Today Mary came in: French said to be holding most lines:
Port office leaving Paris: no letter from E. Bowen:
plays rehearsed - working like eye blind at Index.
A day as gummy feeling about VB. Dismissed it with L.
What a time to quarrel with friends toward to vanity &
apertion:
Black news - French apparently withdrawing - but only guarded news.
Maurice begging to help last night. Percy says the little
boats all summoned again, and to fetch off more troops.
Mrs Richardson (Lady Reading's friend's wife) told me her
friend's husband dead in the beach at Dunkirk - not a
woman - shock. The West boy waits he's hunting his
battalion - no clothes - won't go back he says - but ^{he's} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{war}
word of his wound. Some say he's the only survivor of his
regiment - landed in a sailing boat at Ramsgate.
Twined in with all this - & the fine weather - & the
drill. Done the planes at night - & Mabel here - &
my long long Index making - twined in is E. Bowen:
who don't argue, as I suspect to be written off
henceforth. Why? What a touchy? What a
lover of rows? Really I don't know her well enough to
diagnose. And how won anger a sternness &
Complete disregard for the rest of twisting
rivalry come to our help. I'm not wounded in my
vanity, for I can't play those games. To have drifted in
letter, & that sent down Friday - for I'm almost run, in my
love, a 2nd day, that this is it as a break.
If the Index is finished tomorrow, that's the very last
land home. Whether we publish or not. I'm just.
No letters of support: & no Times back; but all
the same I feel decks cleared & scrubbed, & can
set to, in a jiffy - oh dear, I'm not thanked then -
yes. I'll write all my letters tomorrow. Never asked to
write a life of Maynard Blandford - I forget to say: also to
contribute to some Women Symposium in USA: -
Judith is the only one to John First.

MYPL

June

I should love to see you - would you be in ce - Oh which.
Let that abstracting this morning's postcard be a
reminder & a warning about marginals & jumping the line - known -
feeling in one's bones - but but what's had some justification.
What weren't for - oh dear the retreat - Paris now almost
besieged - 20,000 of our men cut off - What the Fr. have
Gama's 5 miles from where - if it weren't for them -
today we'd have been a happy day - Elizabeth to begin with
which warmed & comforted, for of our friends are to die with
flesh now, what's left? - Then Dotter's feet back with her
praise of Virginia; then the milkman with 400
eggs for sale. We have bought 2 great crocks & a glass
water, what it called. My index sent off - what the
very final full stop & all that mastery. John says up
including today he's been offered a job at India Office.
Wh; somebody said does Mrs. & then H here. if indeed,
evaluates, greatly increasing my private store. Indeed,
glor we'd heard Haw-haw, objectively announcing defeat -
Victory when such the line between - again - again.
Lips as about as down as we've got them. We sat
silent in the 9 o'clock deck: & I could only write
difficultly read garden chamberlain. I found the
word worth like my old only doing. Get today
we're again publicly more cheerful? Why? Up & down -
up & down. No petrol at the pumps - providing for
luxury only around a bubble. The man said.

Friday 14th June

Paris is in the hands of the Germans. Battered
contaminated. We spent the day seeing Fenchant
with Rita - picnicked in the park. Given in nighting
Olen - V. in France. Very fine & hot. The horn
of yellowish Oxford stone - bayonet hall. de. apparently
furniture, like heavy & over ornamental. Oh Lord Row.
any made 1314 - of the 14th century - tilted up by
Eyes? Loads & just all other with benches. Lamps -
Elizabeth. heavy in another picture. delicate theme
we have. a picture. Then the thick & hardy
Pembroke built - like has a leg. Then nothing
thawing & glaze. Then some very ugly habitation.

NYPL

June

a long paneled room with soft veined panels - Out into the garden,
which has certain from lawn - Long grass walks, then
lakes with willows - Bedding very poor - seen up
weeding - A great big house; the yard full making an odd
subaqueous tapping as they moved among trees.
Then through old pink courtyard, to with the Pover the
ground area to the car: but the butler came & said he
Lordship wanted to see us - Viba went - we stayed. Then were
nervous - Ld. de Lesh & Dudy is like a big old lion, which
Jury spand - heavy porters. both eyes with Catarrh,
of but look gorge, want poor under - Had glowing
long going at the car, loose limbs, twinkling. Ld. for
mind - A ray - but the shadow of the G. outside
Push Palace - like a lady in a clown suit -
threw that (the of Charlotte) to Mrs. Mary - The didn't
like when I said Mrs. like he. "Padded in into a
small room; made us look at pictures said to the poor -
one, theid, of A. Sidney - Then a spotted Rembrandt.
Can only keep a few more open - And then like
Scared lodge room - There we left him alone. Blind,
with his shilling box & cork tipped up at the door,
patience or other game, a few novels, (the photographs)
he kept a "a very nice bag" - he gave back
the of sign of youth, on a side table. Viba said.
he'd told him he was when he considered have people to
they - whole place then by 2 maid & a boy & butler
is alone - but I for mind buy alone? she asked.
"Hate it" he said. Since a week he goes to
Tombadge - plays Bridge - Then the old small sits in the
corner she remembered there. The fact she present
Vidney - all for cards & tables. yellow varnish.
He had hardly any sleep when he shook hand
each thank him, & he was anxious to see 'em too.
But I must get back for my four practice given new
What's the use? he remarked. Add to have seen
this Elizabethan front home the first day that
warren become nervous. But I like Mt. better

NYPL

20th June

London Diary: just back: - dinner so close & sweet
crowded but very much abstract. Monday lunch: John:
The French stopped fighting: what's to become of me? opened
a Roumanian bookshop. Then what about Persia?
K. M. again dinner. Now we suffer what the Poles suffered.
Figs. "our forties": are conquered: I have my morphine in
pocket. Tuesday. done with Adrian. The book off to
go air raid rehearsal at Midding hospital. Adrian
promises in a prescription. Ch. broadcasts. Reassuring
about defence of England: not all claptrap. Now we
fighting alone with our back to the wall. Bombs fell. Then
insurrection. Ethel Hughes tea. Oh & come we shall fight
& win. Then Wednesday. John N. & daughter fled from
air raid at Thetford. Tea with her. & E. Bowen.
In comes L: air raid practice at 11.00 C. . . Those
are the skeleton facts of our 3 London days. Monday
ended in charcoal bloom. L. M. says we must: shall be
beaten. He says perhaps 4 more numbers of N. J. will come out.
Here, as won arm by bow. Louie comes again. Harry
came back on Monday. It poured out - how he hadn't
boats off for 3 days: the beach at Dunkirk - the bomber
as low as trees - the bullets like motor holes in his coat -
how no English aeroplanes flying: how the officer told
them to take them down or a few paratroops at all four.
Then went hunting with a grenade & blasted it.
Dunkirk men men that themselves in the planes
was shot. Harry was off. a boat near. Day Chum
Can you row? Yes, he said. hauled in, rowed for 5
hours, saw English. landed - didn't know yet was
day or night a what town - didn't ask - couldn't
write to his mother - so was despatched to his
regiment. He looked a Belgian ship. Stopped his
pockets with rags, which felt out in the sea: but 2
watches pinned to his coat saved. At one is
Cham. & Chum. Mr. Everett has them. He saw his
cousin died on the beach: & another man from the
street. He was talking to a chap, who showed him a sick
handkerchief bought for him yesterday. That moment a
bomb killed him. Harry took the handkerchief. Harry
has had his war, & is certain your defeat - yet no
arm. no aeroplanes - how can we do anything?

BYPL

Saturday June
22nd.

Lord Maynicham
life;

Is Harry the real animal behind the brass, laughing
heron by panoply while the Phil. spread before in
negativity - a frightened timid simple rustic, who can't
visit a jeweller shop, nor think for himself; a
natural human being, not made for shooting men, but
for planting potatoes. All his valiantly roars as won as
it cracked. And is he, as suspect the average sample?
I rather he'd show himself rather than go to France
again. And he hates the French, - who Gaboli -
become hysterical, a run to mad. - I don't give
him like waves for nothing like the high Belgian woman.
No swan at Waterloo I suppose. And the fighting was in
France; a the temerarious yet public: sets a heavy grey
day. I've been beaten at bowls. I feel depressed &
irritated, - now I'll play no more, but read my book.
My book is Coleridge: Row Macaulay; the Pembroke letter -
rather a lovely flight inspired by Harry-o: I would
like to find one book - thick book. But can't. I feel, of this is
my last lap, ought not I to read Shakespeare? But can't.
I feel ought not I to finish off P.H. ought not I to finish
something by way of an end? The end gives it
vivacious. even its facet, & recklessness to the random
daily life. This, I thought yesterday, maybe my last walk.
On the down above Bury Dean I found some green glass
tubes. The corn was flowering with poppies in it. And I
read my Shelley & at night How delicate & pure -
metrical & uncorrupted. Coleridge read, after the
left wing group. How lightly & firmly they put down
man just, & how they sing: - how they compact: -
pure, & deep. I wish I'd invented a new critical
method - something swifter & lighter - more collegial -
yet intense: more to the point, less composed: more
fluid & following the flight. than my C.R. Snaps.
The old problem: how to keep the flight & the mind,
get by exact. All the difference between the sketch &
the finished work. And now dinner to look.
A role. Nightly reads in the east & last & last.
6.3.72. people killed negatively.

NYPL

June.

How difficult to make energy a centre after all this
very a winter this in one - in the case S. Bowen.
How difficult to draw in from all these wide ripples -
in at home, Austral. I tried to center by reading filed.
There were rapid furiously ripples spread out - out -
for some hours after EB is in the frame. This a
disagreeable after-summer feeling. It has its connection too
with too many cigarettes, with incessant knitting.
A high wind was blowing; Mabel, Louie picking
cucumbers & peaches. Then a visit to Charleston
I threw another stone into the pond. And at the moment,
with RH only to fix upon, I'm loosely anchored.
Further, the war - our waiting for the while the
knives sharpen for the operation - has taken
away the outer wall of security. No echo comes back.
I have no surroundings. I have no little home for
public that I forget about Roger coming & not coming out.
Those familiar circumstances - those standards -
which have for so many years been back as echo -
is thickened my identity are all wide & wild as the
desert now. I mean, there is no 'cubism' no window.
We know to the edge of precipice... a then?
I can't conceive that there will be a Jan 27th June 1941.
This cuts away something even at sea at Charleston.
We drop another column into the maelstrom. Close
tether, a effort under. Duncan grabbed a pulled
like an onion. He felt down pain - then being as
blunt & barely, he gave a Farmer lurcher in with
Angelica. A clock ticks some where. Nothing said.
And so, in this high wind, we reach the
present moment; & I find it difficult to center.
I think I must form a C.R. essay into being.
I Hammer also had a despatching apparatus. Like a
moth buggy round a flower - her wheel of voice
as she cant along on a wave - a wheel of sound
that makes the word power - then blurred.
We talked however - & very on the whole comfortably.
But having sent my words on analyzing the Central,
& being apprehensive that Judith will come &
smack me again, I do not record what we said.
a very honorable home faced, upper class.
hard constructed mind

BYPL

95-3

4th July.

Again, back from London. But it here that the events take place - Louie, brother, but all ago - yesterday at 5 PM - pop, pop, pop out over the manna - The war is kicking in. Back from the town told by someone it was a raid. To the westward they bombed the train at Newhaven. The Duke died this morning. Panzer lay under rats. Rail wrecked. Today a plane - our - crashed at Southsea. W, the German, are nibbling at my afternoon walks. The French fleet has been seized & sunk. All Lewis looking to the workers. Mr. Wick, whom I bought butter, says the PM "made a strong speech. Now we're getting to business." Indeed the fleet capture is the first good news since - Narvik? In London L.M. decreed that Tuesday, "today, Thursday, was fixed for invasion. London very safe & solid in feeling - But back to the future - for ammunition! - in main streets. Were may be in the Whitehall etc. We passed strings of ambulances coming down, tagged with boughs. Canadian, warm - want to see Bush Puffa. More dinner: so plural life must be postponed. (I'll be both more money with London)

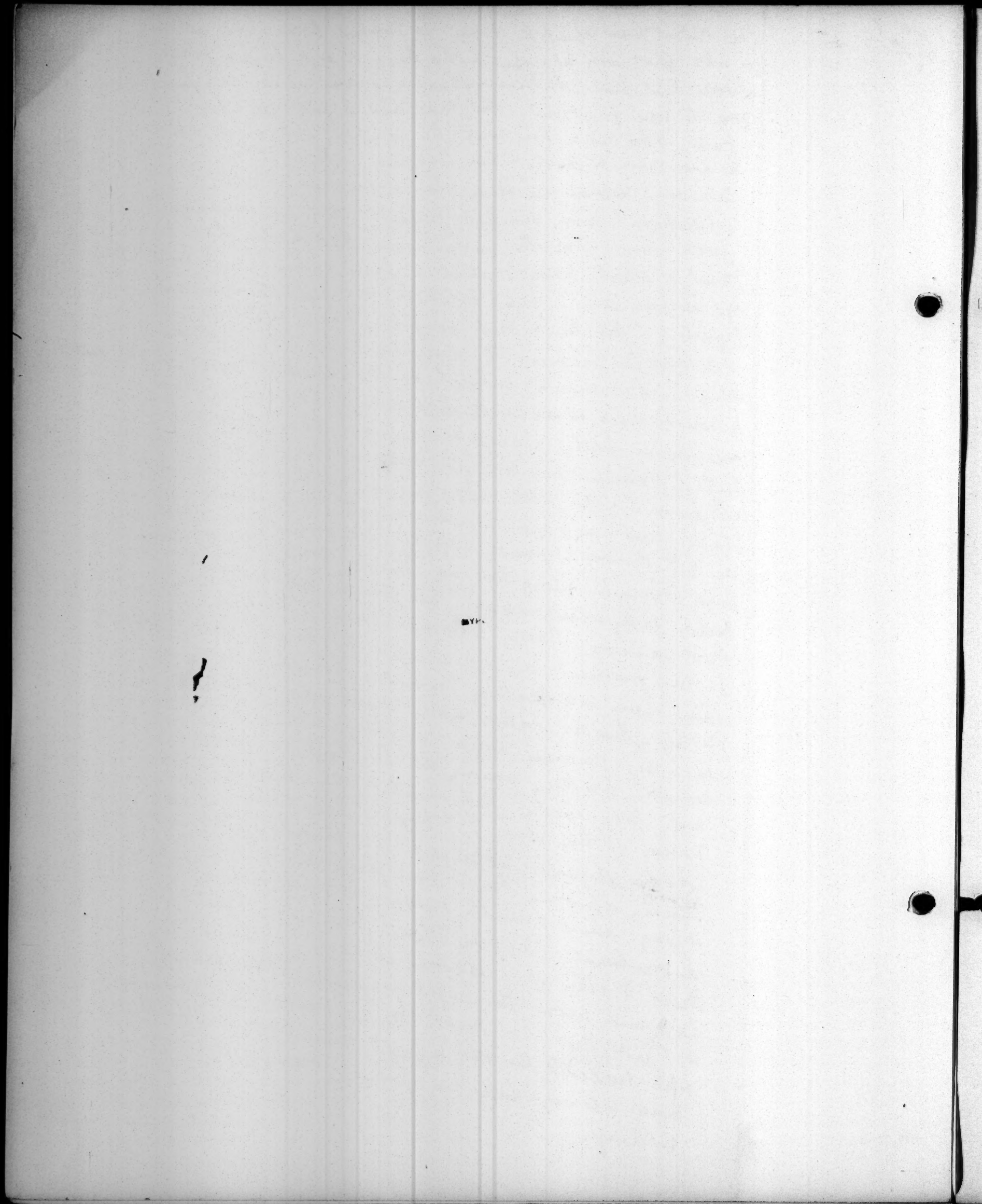
5th July

20 plural life membership.
Why should I be bothering myself with Solitude?
wonder - Broq. Let. & then with father's Eng. in
Celestine. The fine evening, when the flies are
pounding their cold little feet ^{on} my hands?
It was in order to give up thinking about Economy;
whether to give up Math. I wanted to think myself
up into Calmness. Economy, means that I must make money;
then when Doty offers me £50 for an essay upon
fiction, 10, or more, I put it up into articles, & reckon up:
that poor bag I'd better pinch Poverty Hall.
I took my time over to the post, & there met Mr. E. W.
20 Mr. Wooly has seen Monte More again! she said.
I of course said. But you've been having fighting here.
Then she told me how the Cape walked under hand, at
sea, at Seaford, when the raider was forced at,
brought down at sea. The poor fellow, the
huge dove was killed between Newham & Seaford" she
said. Also that the silly fellow who crashed his
plane on the marsh, tipped it nose over the bush.

MYPL

July

It didn't know about the book. To junkies down - saw it -
a white snail, with red, white & blue bars; a tent keeping from
Louis knew that Audrey Hubbard who was in the pea field
ran to give first aid. The man had a face like two
faces. She made him write his name on a cigarette case.
he was taken to Lewis - a hair lockjaw. But this is
rumor - rumor, via Perry, has it that the streets of
Newhaven were machine gunned - & sit annoyed
with Perry - I see the imagination - that should have
found a wheel, ramp to waste & foam instead - & back from
the library with a great volume on a Jefferson Law. So to
bowls. The French flat fought. Retain cuts off
Diplomatic relations. To shall we be at war with our
ally? Last month indirectly determined to fight to the end.
If someone comes in one wants differently. Now, having been
healed by at bowls, in a high wind, heavy planks above, - I
note: to remember: the circular walk at the tower, with the
hollyhocks: & the letter 1870 put in white with bands of
black looking out the window in its deep wall.
on 5th Avenue I sat talking. We walked from 37
High Temple, along river, up Thames Street, to the tower.
talking, talking about what? her young island in a
Govt. menon: having Clorina Tuma; working, never
a "my friend" as we circled the tower. No, I don't
think even only talking I would. something warmer.
on top of her, we talked again - a good idea: talking
in many changing scene: it changes topics,
mood. talking among the Billingsgate garden
with their shells, July hats. They stopping: growing.
ranging up her steps. I forgot to read my
Lester Ayer's. The night the Hutchins J. de. Perry
died, about my dress. How queer - that was of
among: about 2 in the money: so overpowering
& irrational. Next day I read Jane in July
met to all in a roomed vicinity. - even
had one more. the biggest inspiration. that Jane
as just met - a small Breton mother of a woman -
who succeeded the old improper French woman - shall
make all my clothes in future. beautifully. for
nothing.



Friday July
12th

How odd that I should have had 3 letters in praise of
Tinsme - Lady Aslow, Ripsey & a Helen Browne - when I was
going to hear the proof up! How silly I was to be urged
yesterday (1) by Miss Jordan (2) by my best friend
yes - how the green stone pale emerald green when I
walked off my temper in the month of June. The
hangers of colour, over the black, like the green background in
Vermeer. & then the little rusty grey chalk, & the low,
sun beaks, fringed with sun. We quarrelled
about our communal feeling: I said I sniped when I
looked with Jordan. I saw ... but we made steps
we were shown how charcoal absorbs gas in the
Itali. And then, after a dull necessity between, old Mei-
Green, the delicate white cloak, appeared in blue
houses - let himself down from the Ruby window,
hanging by her forehead & descending with a jump.
Captain Hanna saw her long, more like glass. Who
jumped. Even from a bar. They would break. A
red lipped woman asked me if Agnau's cup
were made of aluminium; & L. has given all our
Lanciphan to Mr. Elms to make aeroplanes with.
I don't like any of the feeling was broad: patriotism;
Communal i.e. all sentiment & emotional
parade of our feeling - But then, were in for it.
Every day you have our raids: at night the
bloodhounds are out. I open my window when the
the sun, the broad stars, light rise all over
the meadow feeling for them a spray early
morning speech. One sees nothing but the
feeling of light. Then the drone buzz, boom, away.
rather like a dentist's drill. No wonder so far.
I refused to be a dentist, rather tartly; for Hilda had in
the reins a heavy one - why not write the same
while, the night. Twice in different words! Why not indeed.
the idea of them both in one & show more or less
more or less in two - minded ideas, that are the
most defensible & the least pinned down. Many
patriotism, literature & some orance away in
all embracing & intertwining

NYPL

Saturday
20 July

Things to write about when I'm less sleepy (back an hour ago from London) 1. Rays death. 2. Talk with Ron Macaulay. 3. Book to come out on 25th; 4. Madame Yvona; 5. Lady Oxford; 6. Bella & Tom. I dare say there's a 7th & a 8th. But these headings will remind me, when I'm washed & left off the extreme tiredness of London. 7. maybe Jack Jeremy Hatch. 8. the night. 8. the photographs of the woman body in the abortifacients cupboard: her dead face: long hair: legs tucked up. 9. month hidden speech. 10. Sunday: let's talk common sense & end the war - just: & instead of any more headings. I shall now cool & expand on the mark. Oh I might be my new resolve of tidiness. But a table both clear.

24th July

Yes. There are things to write about: but I want at the moment the fire of publication moment, to discover my emotions. They were justful: then not very strong - rather like so strong as before the year - oh dear rather like. Still they twinge. I wish I were then time next week. There'll be Morgan. Demand. And I fear Morgan will say - just enough to show he doesn't like, when kind. W. with certainly depress. The Yvona let up. (say to ill temper about Reviews) with fund checks. T. 7. with be enthusiastic. And - that's all. I repeat that 2 strains, as usual with Develop: fascinating; dull; life like: dead. So why do I twinge? Knowing it almost by heart. But not quick. Mrs. Sch. enthusiastic: John Lilent. I shall I come to succeed at the those who sniff at B. Wombey. I'd forgotten that. But a L. in coming Sally. Want Concentration. No room of my own. For 11 days I've been contracting in the glare of different faces. It ended yesterday with the W. I. my talk - I was talked - about the Deadnoughts. A simple, rather whole natural, friendly occasion. Cups or tea: biscuits; & Mr Charani, in a tight dress, presiding: in my robust for me, given a Brook tea. Mrs. Gardner had 3 p. pinned to her back: Mr Thompson 3 weeks: & come on the a silver spoon. No I can't go on to Rays death. about which I know nothing. You that that very large woman, with the shock of grey hair, & the bruised lip; that monster, whom I remember typical of grey womanhood, has suddenly gone. He had a kind of representative quality, in the white coat & trousers; with building, disappointed, courageous, without what? imagination?

MTPL

NYPL

July

She had educated her children so carefully - it looks what pictures they both are. Christy's imagination; Barbara - oh, with the run of the road completely: B. was bitter against intellect - what Ray revered: it had no aesthetic sense. What else? Her humanity: offered to help when I was ill. Her consistency. Her good nature. Her wisdom - yes, as she grew older it was there. Perhaps at 70 she had created the legend - she were matriarch: have been surmounted, a Central. But she did what it was in the rough, aged 53. Was a kind of rough radiance. Confident. Yet keen. Bright-eyed. But I never knew her domestically. Always something. Her office - documents, overalls, interview - about her. One of the people who was 'in love' in the old way. Oliver. Little ankles to me one room last night made her flesh, at first was little demigod. The love it to scraps I think. To I've written, hushed desperately, about Ray. Her cordiality - I given little quick voice: smiling: it used to be a hope. Initiation, but no charm. Wrote without stopping. No form, no function. Her life much of a scramble, a fight: but in the office I given very commandingly, controlling & masterly.

25th July

I'm not very nervous at the moment: indeed at worst only a kind of nervousness: for after all, the main people approve: what I shall be relieved if Morgan approves. That I suppose I shall know tomorrow. The first review (Lynd) says: "deep imaginative sympathy... makes him an attractive figure (in spite of wild phrases): there is little drama... at the same time there interested in modern art with few may absorbing interest... there he goes on to magick, having I dare say his whiskey by him."

I shall settle in very happily I think to Colorado after the last is over. I expect some letter. But what is true, is that then I can write entirely to please myself: first to C. R. then P. H.: leaving Walter for odd: and: for G. as whole for the present American lady. I'm thick in Mr. Morris's affairs: she robbed, left her strangled wool glove behind her. I've heard from Mayol & Mr. from James & on the point of being kind! This war inflicts boredom and my little triumph today was that Hunt gave me extra tea. Now Margaret is rational, & I have a home & pleasant morning ordinary house, perhaps lower who of course help herself than a that.

MYPL

NYPL

Sunday. 28th
July

Oh yes I see what this book is - it's a refuge from Krumpholtz.
The mild kind of arundel's demand. The been beaten at bowls, -
in the last paragraph seems to lead. Now if Morgan had
written I shouldn't have found it to lead. But I feel my
irritation at my brain further study - please make - make the
old phrases, for which - God knows, there's no justification
whatsoever today. Why did I mind my beaten at
bowls? I think I connect it with Hotten for I played very
well. And, in an hour's time, shall be repeating the
other phrase which I made during the first game:
Season of calm weather. Such a curious head; a
satisfactory quiet. I shall see no one in London for
moment of fatigue that I can compare a season of calm
weather. Yet they say the invasion is fixed for Aug. 16th.
A season of calm weather is the crown for which I'm always
pushing. Throwing, however, like the hedgehog who cuts his
throat with his paw. Nina said yesterday at C. of the
woman. Angelica there: I despise strain; a little
defiance. restlessness. And feel in of something heavy,
mature, depressed - almost a year he's been in the
fields: all com coloured & red hopped with his blue
sign for convolution. Judith - L. Come on Monday.
Thus our island will be invaded - my season of calm weather.
Many an ~~island~~ a green isle - why can't I remember
pouting? Chine lilly - turbulent about Anden - where was
I seen he'd already looked up his own name in R. said
he'd only read Mayeng. And my family with all the
book in complete silence. I glean hard work. But I shall
hear too from 'the public'. Why don't we praise, or
blame, each other? Has anything been said? Let the
rephases at the end of a party?
Green when it's so tame as to be, a book coming out why one writes them?
How far much past does 'coming out' play in the pleasure of writing them?
Each one accumulates a little. The fictitious V.W. whom I
carry like a mark about the world.

NYPL

Sunday July
28th

waiting for the Sunday paper in which R.F. will, or
may, be disposed of by Desmond & perhaps, Paul de
Lévis-Cour - looking up over the page to me or {
coming across the orchard - does not favour the
looking up of justification in Coleridge's life. I know that
I must get any report about the way. I know that
Desmond (who very likely will do it) will do it.
Sitting him & have something about Mr Brooks Cham &
sympathizing & then proceed to give his own version of
R. which will probably be more amusing than mine &
thus fill his short column. By the way, I am anxious
partly to know how it strikes R's friends: that an
element not present in a novel review. Anyhow,
how much fun & excitement this Sunday morning is
than the year Sunday morning. I remember coming out
here in an evening almost a bewilderment of what
Bde S. for whose opinion I have hardly any respect
praised it - I thought too highly. No, L. does not come.
It's a splendid summer morning, a fine white butterfly -
the white birds the saw when the were dying - are all
about the trees. The 10.30. I think I am calm
enough to return to Coleridge, until 11. When I shall
allow myself to go indoors. I forget, in the above
analysis, to include the Fugs - their reaction to food or
bad reviews. That also tells.
Yes, Desmond is, as always to me, slightly depressing. I
dreading that he feels I haven't given the families
the human, Rye - 'our' Rye. That I've made a
great & animated biography - Henry the public side.
the intellect. The acuteness is so as: but not been
personal & angry & tough. I think this is what L. felt.
But then he's Margery didn't. Anyhow there's this - &
Desmond is going to write at greater length next week.
Nothing in the Observer. To I think, not much
depressed, not much talked, to my Coleridge.

BYPL

Sunday Aug. 4th

Just time, while I write I feel the same to record
in a great what - I want to review really says all I wanted said.
The book delights friends - the paper sensation says for we
know him: a not only delightful but important - that
enough. And it gave me a very calm rewarded fully - not in old
triumph: as an over a novel: but the feeling I'm to do
what was asked you, from my friend what they wanted.
Just as I'd decided I'd given them nothing but the
material for a book that I'd written. Now I can
be content. I don't worry what people think: for
I mean, the talk among intimates will follow, more or less,
his lines. Herbert Read & Malcolme have bit this leader,
but their case: now only Morgan remain, - perhaps a
personant don't go to Lewis. I thought I mentioned Read:
a polite to me: they mean spiteful about R.

Sunday 6th Aug.

Yes I was very happy again when I saw Oliver Blue
envelope at breakfast (with John) this morning.
He's almost - what? - about - no pain, nervous,
completely without sneer approving. As good in its way
as the best of my books - the best biography for many years -
the first part as good as the last & no break.
So I'm confirmed in what I felt, even when I had that
break pecking work in March with a temperature of 101
with head - confirmed in what I feel - that the first part
is really more generally interesting. Though less
complex & intensified than the last I'm sure it was
necessary - as a solid parent for the whole to
stand on. Now I'm really a truly immense. &
feel, if only lower father head but I'd. I should love
hadn't gone to hospital so that I'm at the
looking. Worrying to do today, that I would go on to the
next day - to may next they to on Madison that I'm
free & stronger, and water. Then even, only now John
persistently press for me & I ask: a the American lady -
one never is free for more than a day's champagne.
Men & larvae for displacements in the bank. They
look like little swarms of tiny ants, as I walk.
Cementing floor: sand bagging water. Great lower
of material go bursting down the Roman Road. No one
pays any attention - is blame on us. Given about the
river, bought for camouflage, quite no one. It's like the
raising the father tree, for an eye action now expected
in a week or fortnight. R. tells well.
take a reprint.

BYPL

Thursday.
9th Aug.

I was frightened when Judith interrupted. The book is -
Died to my friend: but I am selling well. This course
is made as coming back from London the only regret -
a very good deal, a Rama Agn. I am not a yet depressed
judges - he has been down once fear no fall he.
- a dead, I'll explain later why I say this.

Friday.

Complete plans rearranged that book. It might have sailed
into the blue & been lost. "No your books did not return" a thin
April sent it. No review by Morgan. No review at all. No letter.
And tho' I suspect Morgan has refused, surely it is impracticable.
Like I remain - for honestly, just minded, & prepared to
face a complete & lasting silence. And full - no sort of idea - I'm
so jaded again Philip Morgan. Piffa. & the London uproar - but
with a sense of things forming. & freedom. So that satisfactory.
About Philip - saw in a letter about Jerry & bed etc
Drawing room cut in half. P. rather shaky, rather patched in
complexion, & plausible, fluent & undisturbed Remained:
about Roger: a most unattractive man: a most unhappy man:
his life so sordid. "No, I'm not dead a happy life. I
wasted my time in politics. No we were very unhappy. Othello I
at Janny's. Quarrelled you. Thoroughly separating.
We were so unhappy we came here. On last year were
very happy. "The last with her old rams waiting
me. Cheerful enough, but only with Bridget & old
memories. I think disillusioned about Othello. Repid
about her character. Thanks he's getting weaker, & won't
live through the winter. Things suddenly go black.
Surrounded by polished furniture: he much furniture very
gladly get mildly affectionate. Showed me photographs:
up the energy of 'a set me ahead for you. Then
remained mostly head at Thaw's place one - a worried one?
Chore - a me. Outside Money asked me to look at his
bathroom saw. "This very lovely, my love. This too
proud to ask people to come. Nine of the old friend com.
only the family. Miss Julian does he best. But she's
always been kind - she doesn't care for any of her
ladyship things. He's no comfort. The old rag doubt he
shocked as you go in - find him dead. I'm glad you
encouraged him to play Bridge. I say she is what
the line of things without... not he better now. I trust him.
He's at his bed when he comes back. There "his place -
in the dining room with a book rest in front of the plate
I shook hand & walked off with my Thaw's.

NYPL

Sat. 10th Aug.

And then Morgan rightly damped me: but I was pang, already
from Leslie him how the night before in the day
before & again tomorrow. So Morgan & Vera rightly damped:
& Bob rightly stated & shul. & some old beg with
H. & Baber, already knew. But just truth. That the end of it
is. No more crew. & I had volubility - no men
driving, broken digging, pink gun replacement, & no
negotious doubtless I W. & up and down - into P.H. into
Coleridge: but must first - Haman John - & write the L.P.
India the Company is as bad as solving confinement - Angli-ca for 2
miles, a double, oh yes, & intimate & mature. & her
is so much more than side when I talk to her. her
is learnable & lovely side - if it weren't for, a delusion.
But her love was just a delusion? Well, I'm. I reduce
myself to mistake for description: but can't then a word to
Cabin a fly as there 10 days of people & people again.
how Mabel's here wh- adds to comfort but sincerely
Pursey. So that my chest at the moment. No
invasion. Large air. Joseph - like what just the
evening. Sal's my just 2nd edition ordered. But I want sleep -
when.

16th Aug.

Third edition ordered - L. said, at 37 on Wednesday. "It
booming." The room is dulled by our darkness.
And why does a word of tepidly depress more than a
word of praise exalts? I don't know. I refer to Wales:
I don't refer to Pamela - great work & art. Well, it's
taking its way the setting. It's done. And I'm writing
P.H. wh- has a share here. Many air raised. One as
I walked. A haystack was handy. But walked on. &
to home. Ah clear. Then seven again - then
Judith, Leslie, Bowly. Then Mr. Elton &
her now late. Ah clear. I must make a 2nd
stop gap for the last hour, & I shall dwell on it, as I'm
dying here. But P.H. is a contraction - a lesson
So I will go in, & read Har. & write to Shul.
Very hot. Even out here.

NYPL

Aug. 18th

They came very close. We lay down under the tree. The sound
was like someone sawing within an' just above us - We
lay flat on our faces, heads behind heads. Went close to
feet head & they seemed to be sawing at something
Nathan. Bomb, shook the windows & my books.
with it drop I asked 'How, we shall be broken to bits
& I thought, I think, of nothingness - Nathan. my mind was
flat. Some fear I suppose. Had we take shelter in
garage. Too risky to cross the garden & saw. Then
another came from NW corner. Hum, saw a bug all
was in. A home wreath in the mesh - Very salty.
I, it thunder? I saw. No gun, saw & from Rye. from
Charleston way. Then slowly the row lined. Mabel in
kitchen saw the windows shake. An raid still a.
distant plane. Little playing boat. I will hear.
my books only face me pain. Oh - Bomb! saw. Today
I agree. Very heavy dust & damp. The mist at sea has
Cured. The all clear. 5 to 7. 144 down but
night.

19th Aug.

Yesterday, 18th, Sunday, there was a wa. Right on top of the
came - I looked at the plane, like a minnow at a
roaring shark. Over the Harbor - 3. I think. Olive you.
Then pop pop pop - German? Gun pop pop pop.
over Kingston. Said to be 5 Bombers
ledge hopping on their way to London. The
Closest plane so far - 144 bright day - no shadow
last time. And no raid (so far) today. Rehearsal.
I cannot read Remorse. Why not rays?

23rd Aug.

Book stopped. as I lay down to 15 a day since air raid in
London is that the reason? What book up? But I'm
harassed by Ann in house, just like Eleanor Cunniff
in out of house. Ann goes to Morocco - & says he has
moral feeling & duty to young

MYPL

28th Aug

Now I should like to write poetry all day long - that's
the gift to me as poor Ann, who never read poetry
because she hated it at school. The stayed from
yesterday to Sunday night, to be exact: a almost had me
down - why? Because (poorly), the has the artistic
temperament without being an artist. This temperament,
but has no outlet. I find her charming; individual;
honest, & somewhat pathetic. The curious obscurity, his
stagnation of mind, is perceptible to her. And she
hereabouts. Ought me to make up! Richard says yes - I say
no. The truth is she has no instinct for colour: no more
than for music or pictures. A quarrel of some
spirit - yet always at the top something walks in.
I can imagine her crying herself to sleep. So, having
brought no ration, or book, she floundered on here,
I called her, to mitigate her burden. My good dog,
my Afghan hound - with his long two thick legs, when
long body: a shock of wild unbrushed hair on top.
I'm glad I'm so near looking the raw. And she is - But
well it taught me, that week of unbroken
interruption, howls, tea parties, droppings in
what public school is like - no privacy - A good
cup with a wane towel for my old mind no
doubt. And Judith & Lennie are about to play
bowls. This is why, my first voluntary money,
after London. The protracted air raid - from 9.30 to
4 am - I was so light so free so happy I wrote
what I call P.H. poetry. Just good? I suppose not, very.
I should say, to placate V.W. when she writes to
know what was happening in Aug. 1941 - that the
air raids are now at their prelude. Invasion, if it
comes, must come within 3 weeks. The harrying of the
public is now in full swing. The air laws: the
wasp done; the screen - it now weeping bottles -
the papers - is as punctual as the vesper. We're
not had our raid yet, we say. Two in London.
One caught me when I-Library. There I sat reading
in thinking that Mr W. after all was better than the
young. At this I was pleased - John Prehan - "V.W. is
our best critic since A Arnold a writer &
paper -" also pleased me. I must write to Pamela.
John a letter to the.

NYPL

28th Aug.

P.S. to the last page. We went out onto the tarmac, by an
plane. A large two decker plane came heavily -
Howly - L. said a Wakenly sound. A training
plane saw Lestie. Suddenly there was pop pop
from behind the Chert - Bacteray we saw - The
plane circled slowly out on the marsh - back,
we flew to the ground - then a whole
volley of noise (like bags burst) came by them.
The plane went off, now. heavy & angry sound
Lester - but Lestie saw the German black
iron. All the workmen were looking. It was
German; that dawned. It was the enemy. It
clipped among the fir trees over Lester -
did not see. Then we heard the drone. Looked up
I saw 2 planes very high. They made for us. We
watched to shelter in the hush. But they wheeled -
Lester saw the English jet. So we watched -
they were different speed surprised - wards for what
5 minutes went the fallen plane as if
identifying & making sure. Then made off
toward London - Our version is that it was
wounded plane, looking for a landing. It was
a Jerry were two the men saw: the
men who are making a gun hiding (the jet).
It was have been a peaceful matter a fact
death to be popped off on the tarmac playing
bombs this big fine cool sunny August
Evening.

31st Aug.

Now we are in the war. England is being attacked.
I got the feeling for the first time completely disturbing.
The feeling of pressure. Days horror. Vita ran up at 6
Lester she could come. She was sitting at St. the bombs
were falling round the home. They'd been fighting all
day. I'm too dazed to give the feeling - of

NYPL

talking to someone who might be killed a moment. Can you hear
that? she said. No, I don't. That's another. That's
another. He repeated the same thing - about staying in
order to serve the ambulance - time after time like
person who can't think. This heard that Christopher
Hobhouse was killed by a bomb. That's another
North - so lonely like a way left was killed
by a bomb that had in. It was very difficult
talking. The next day a comfort to talk - the
broke off - Oh how I do mind this. I put the
telephone down. I went - played bowls. A
perfectly quiet hot evening. Later the planes began
zooming. Explorations. We were laughing later -
Judith & Pat French. Loved. Planes very
close: explorations. Here's a body there was a great
blaze at Repe. A twinkling sound in the field.
Bomb came from today - a great raid on London
last night. Today's quiet here - when I rang up
St. Andrew's some one called with a call to
Malden. "Restricted access. Things very bad there
just now. The feeling is that a bomb is going
in - a fever battle. May last 4 weeks. Am I
afraid? Intermittently. The working of our mind
as we work with a spring next morning.
Of course this may be the beginning of invasion.
A sense of pressure - of sudden local storm.
The no - its no good trying to capture the
feeling of England being a bit in a bubble. If I
have just given Judith & David to the station.
About we shall be alone. Mostly went home.
I dare say it will be soon a Col. & not that
internal bomb which for a while. I think
them into great water - I think would all
through it very quiet.

2nd Sept.

There may be no war, the past 2 days. Only one raid
warning. Perfectly quiet night. A full of the
attacks on London. At Charleston yesterday a skeleton

MYPL

Memor Club. We sat in the sun. It was hot. The apples
hung red. Not a word. Angeline & B. produced a sense of
drama. Magnard what I call understood Magnard.
rather severe, snubbing, turbulent. Talk about love. Mine &
Rox. I gather is called by Magnard "the official life" "why
not write the real life for the Memor Club" (that
why I thought him morose & Sarag.) Bang said
Prophets were always when. Magnard said not to the next
generation. The literature like ourselves, won't interest them.
I said. Autobiographies are their line. M. interested came
over to me. We discussed Hugh. I said he was a prostitute.
I said Derain was a prostitute. I read my dreadnought notes,
nothing with. Lydia would come. "The fact that is not
the time for brains" said Magnard. Fred got
bored & wrote my WSA was article my mind jibs at
wording. It talk is interesting. Nina said for art
always did what they loved. Magnard said there'd be no change
for me was. We shd go back to where we were.
Magnard lost his spectacles. Found them in a book. Chris
had been on First Tower, saw the flash at sea when the
explosion came. I said Nina a German beg for mercy across
Channel. I denied this. Bang & a Magnard washed
off. I told Magnard how I had triumphed with Hugh.
Hugh had snubbed Magnard. Talk about Feytaud.
Argument as to whether they read. So lovely in evening
that the stars the down looked as if seen for the last
time. No rain. Next one Sara where. Letter from
Ben (R. absorbing) from Ben T (a great biography)
Letter I shd be answering instead of writing for. This
perfect summer weather. A man stopped at the bank
with all the halcyon to say so. In French showed me
the first sign of danger of incendiary bombs. With
Lauren paint the iron shed? It's a matter of fact
Chap. I urged camouflage of our artifice found. Had
20 then page "perhaps unnecessary" which

NYPL

Thursday 5th
Sept

Hot, hot, hot. Record heat wave, record summer you kept record
the summer. At 2.30 a plane zooms: 10 minutes later
air raid sound; 20 later, all clear. Hot, 12 hours - 1 doubt if
I'm a poet. H.P. has labour. Brain to W - no, I don't
think the word - yes, well. An idea. All written are
inhabits the picture & the word in books is then too fast.
The words are the happy women in cottage garden.
Mr. Charside. Not a true picture the word; only in
written picture are marvellous. Perhaps happy. Is there
word happy. Now, many negative, to walk a the machine.
An air raid in progress. Planes zooming: No, that's just
off over. Very quick & brief. Can't see yet more light.
Been medium for the night. A big tall red faced obstinate
fierce tied apprehensive gentle but obstinate not very clever. Now
mixed, serious however. Reminding me of Viba (to look at) then
Harold. Then a touch of gently incongruous & odd.
Very well named mannered up - perhaps increases difficulty. Very
diffident. Coming from a large word. But speechless: felt
also dense: when he developed his charge against Rye: that he
didn't personally write: a by something biography, intellectual:
so didn't reach the man. "Didn't show the demands were
making of a tree". I plan to get hold of a crooked stick: -
with produce (some peas) rather familiar, may provide,
library books. Driven as a person in his boat the
morning. More planes over the house, going I suppose to
London, which is raided every night. A fight no doubt as in Kent

Saturday
7th Sept

Tuesday
10th Aug.

Back from half a day in London - perhaps our strangest visit.
At 11 when we got to 10th St. a barrier with diversion in it
no sign of damage. But, coming to 10th St. a crowd. Then
Men Perkins at the window. Meek J. roped off.
Warden there not allowed in. The house about 30 yards
from our street at one the way by a bomb.
Completely ruined. Another bomb in the space still
unexploded. We walked round the back. Stood by Mrs.
Jane Harrison home. The house was still standing - who
a great hole in the back. Underneath all the people who
had gone down to the shelter. Scraps of cloth hanging to the
bare walls at the side still sparsely. A lucky star
I think swinging. The like a bomb knocked me -
Chen out. Our house undamaged. No windows
set broken - perhaps the bomb has now broken them.
We saw 2000 people with an arm band jumping in
top the back - who lived there? I suppose the

BYPL

Canal grey men & women I used to see, from my window; the
flat dwellers who used to have flower pots on the balcony.
Ah now blown to bits - The garage man at the back -
Dear eyes, jerky told he had been blown out of the bed
by the explosion; made to take shelter in a chamber - a
hard cold seat he saw, & a small boy lay in my arm - I
cheered when the air cleared. I'm asking all over;
he said the Jerrys had been over for 3 nights trying to
blow the Keys X. They had destroyed half Angel Street,
also shops in Grey Inn Road - Then Mr. Pritchard
arrived up. Took the news as calm as a jug. "They
actually have the impudence to say this with make-up
accept heads -" he said: he wipes sweat from his
flat roof & looks like a hog. So, after talking to Miss
Parker. Mrs. Jackson (a bloodless sand hopper). But what
serene - Mrs. P. had slept on a camp bed while shelter -
we went on to Grey Inn. Left the car - saw
Holborn. A vast gap at the top of Chancery Lane. Smokey
Nile. Some Great Shop entirely destroyed: the hotel
opposite like a shell. In a wine shop there were no
windows left. People standing at the table - I
think drink has turned. Heaps of blue glass - the
road at Chancery Lane. Men breaking off fragments, left in
the frame. Glass falling then into Lincoln Inn.
To the St. J. Office: window broke, but house untouched.
We went over St. Wendes. West passage - glass in
thous. Down locked. To back to the car - a
Great block of traffic. The Cinema behind St.
Janaud's torn open: the stage, timber, some
decoration missing. At the R. Park house with
broken windows, not undamaged. And then miles -
miles of orderly ording streets - all beggars, &
& Lovers left as last. Street empty - forces set -
eyes cleared. In Chancery Lane I saw a man with a barrow
& music books. My friend's office destroyed. Then at
I was blinded as a screen - people began running. We
drove, though almost empty streets, as fast as possible.
Houses taken out of the shops - Cars parked up. Then
the air clear. The people I think grow are the very
grimy Ludgynham keeps. My weather-lost that;
with another neighbor to see: old wrinkled women standing
at their doors: dirty, miserable. With - a Mrs. said in
the phone, its coming very near. I had thought myself a
coward for suggesting that we should not sleep 2 nights at
37. I was greatly relieved when Mrs. P. telephoned
saying we must to stay. & L. agreed.

NYPL

Wednesday
11th Sept.

Churchill has just spoken. A clear, measured, robust speech. Says the invasion is being prepared. In for the next 2 weeks apparently of attack. There is a large massing at French ports. The bombing of London is being prepared for invasion. Our magazine City - is which touches me, but feel London magazine. Our courage is. Another raid last night as London. Bomb struck the Palace. John rang up. He was in Mech. Says the night the raid. Wants the press moved about. L. is to go up on Friday. Our windows are broken John says. He is looking out somewhere. Mech. is evacuated. A plane shot down before our eyes just before tea: over the rail line: a scuffle; a swim: then a plunge: a burst of thick black smoke. Perry says the pilot baled out. We could not see an air raid about 8.30. Alphonse, whether a war, we hear the French sawing wires about them, which London is fading: then a pause: then another comes. "They are at it again" we say as we sit, I doing my work. I make cigarettes. Now - then there is a third. The windows shake. So we know London is raided again. I decided today when I hear from Mable (about 2. & the shutters) - the latest of my grievances that she must go. The last - on the wall they - about not giving him satisfaction: too nervous to speak to him. The poor fellow looked almost petrified woman: who can smile this, & is unselfish (to me) but to no good.

Thursday 12th
Sept.

a gale has blown. Weather broken. Armada weather. No sound of planes today only wind. Permitted air traffic last night. But the raid beaten off by new barrage. Then is Cheesey. If we can hold out this week - next week - well again - if the weather turns - it is for the raid in London is broken - we go up tomorrow to see John about moving Press to patch the windows, & see valuable, & get better - that we are allowed in the square. On Blackheath I understood, & a wounded, an idea for a Common History book - to read from one end of it. include bog; a range of study, & a cliff.

MYPL

Friday
Sept 13

He said rather a
thin man, with
step for me to
sit in. An
other looked
m. " Making
ready for the
warrior " said
the man, as if
it were
young off in
about
ten minutes

A strong feeling of mission in the air. Road crowded with
army weapons: weapons. Just back from hay day in London.
Raid, unheard of, started outside Wembley. A sudden
Wagnaton. People vanished. Set some can went on. We
decided to visit laboratory on the hill: that is I made one of
tree. Boring. Just in the distance. Saw a pink brick shed.
That was the only interest of the journey - was talk with the
man woman, child who were living there. They had been
bombed at Clapham. Their home in the city. So they hiked to
Wembley. Refused the unfeared gun emplacement to
refuge overhauled home. They had a madman lamp: -
Zanaphan a cold bad tea. The night watchman under a lamp
then tea: had his own. Someone gave them a bath. In the
Wembley house there was only a card table. Or some they
couldn't have in. But the way was in - saw them a bit
down. We all talked. Middle class smooth lady in the way
to Epsom, rejected the cold home the child. But we didn't
part with her, they said - the man a reliable moderate felt,
the woman played laser. As long as this all right we don't
mind. They sleep in some shabby. Bomb had dropped in the
common. It's a house family. Very friendly, hospitable.
They liked having people in to talk - what with they do?
The man thought little we would be one. The lady in the
cock's hat - saw never. Two we left. More you came
back - at last started, keeping in eye on the other
people behavior. Reached Russell Hotel. No John - how
funny. We the other. Waited for Nick Jr: met
John: who said the sky was cloudy: so hunched in the hall.
decided the Press emergency - to employ Jaden City Press -
in 20 minutes. Read the in - waited to meet Jr:
Refused admittance. John was in the story of Monday
night. Bombs whistle, at my side near. He
heard two whistle hatched out. A great blaze in
jellyfish. It was a man struck. The Foundry
thunder opposite Stephen hit. He decided he'd take
shelter. Then a explosion. He went into square -
saw a tree where Byron Court had been. Also a
great cloud of thick grey dust. Also a man waiting
Nowy in the pyramen. Then they were told to leave the
square. Later he met several young women at some
Bar with him. He thought. Wondered. Making the dust of
the house. Some saved by an iron bar in the basement.
Some do that. He knew. They became more. He rather
white & shaky. Left him with dust.
gun firing. Staked bed.
ate clear in May. He.

MYPL

Saturday
14th

A sense of invasion - that is lower of soldiers & machines - like
Cromwell - walking a long h Newhaven. An air raid is on.
A little hop rather wh - I take to the machine gun, just gone off.
Planes soaring & waving. Perry & L. say some are British.
Mabel comes out - look. Ask you want just fixed or broken.
As the result of a friendly love talk, this suggests ask
Flower about plans. They may set up outside the road area.
As how, its rubble. I think that the base here - a great
idea - I like buy a home in our little boat. I like
provisionary, & very all. Say Shakespeare & not having dependants.
And must now wait to Harry Stephen before board - a
warm letter, concluded in Stephen's, about Reg - without
hope - a rapid little battle of words over Newhaven way.
Workmen on the hanger haystack - despatched you -
said "I was as much of a thousand pounds as 7
winnin' the war." Complete confidence. But Palms bombards;
Alba exposed; & in Eastham July, a church record -
Ogan thrown on road. The MRE become rather sanctimonious
over this.

The great advantage of the page is that it gives me a perfect ground.
Fidelity: caused by being at board & invasion: caused by another
howling band. by having no book I must read: & so on.
I am ready design: how recuperative last week: you
state a little with that mannered, sterile Bury now.
Even though the century his acid dandified somehow supercilious
with what? - Can't find the word - this manner of, this
character penetrates; moreover reminds me of love me I
reminds me a Tom. There a ceremony in him that
in the word! the word! - Am I over-sensitive to
Character in water? I think we modern lack love.
Our torture makes us water. But I can't go into that -
a pleasure that brings in old Rere, to whom I mean to
write. One always thinks there a landing place
coming. But there are. a stage, a branch. I've said
End. I dislike water. I think I will begin my new book by
it is many times. I think I will begin my new book by
ready Hor Evan. Old Perry. And whatever happens
I will write a son in the moment. 58 - not so may more
there is just power, in any condition. I remember that
about robes & death. Who's whether in the churchyard?
The Mayor says there was a landy, upland, at Johnson.
Keep out the war from the page. now a then I'm writing
Henry Williamson. Again, I dislike
him

I
suggest
supercilious.

BYPL

Saturday
14th

A sense of invasion - that is lower of soldiers & machines - like
Cromwell - walking along the Newhaven. An air raid is on.
A little hop rather up - I take to the machine gun, just gone off.
Planes soaring & waving. But I say some are English.
Mabel comes out to look. Ask you want fish fried or boiled.
As the result of a friendly local talk, this is to ask
Flower about plans. They may set up outside the road area.
As for its relics, I think that the house here - a great
idea. I like being alone in our little boat. I like
provisioning - very all day shipshape & not having dependants.
And must now wait to Harry Stephen before boat - a
warm letter, concluded in Stephen's, about Roger. What
hope - a rapid little battle of words over Newhaven way.
Workmen on the hanger hazy back - despatched for -
said "I was as sure of a thousand pounds as of
winning the war." Complete confidence. Bush Palace bomb?
Alba exposed; & in Eastham July, a church record &
organ shown on road. The more become rather sanctimonious
over this.

The great advantage of the page is that it gives me a fidget point.
Fidgets: caused by being at home & invasion. Caused by another
howling band. By having no book I must read: & so on.
I am reading Leavis: how recuperative last week; - fine
state of the world that manners, sterile Perry now.
Even though the century his acid dandified somehow superficial.
What what? - Can't find the word - this manner of the
chorus penetrates: moreover reminds me of some I
dislike. Is it Logan? There a ceremony in him that
reminds me of Tom. There a parched artificial cruelty &
in the word! the word! - Am I over-sensitive to
Charles in water? I think we modern lack love.
Our future makes us wretched. But I can't go into that -
a pleasure that brings in old Rere, to whom I mean to
write. One always thinks there a landing place
coming. But there aren't. a stage, a branch, a
end. I dislike water when I think about Perry. I've kind
it is many times. I think I will begin my new book by
reading Horace. Old Perry. And what is may more
I will rather & even in the moment. 58 - not so may more
there is just words, in any condition. I wonder that
about robes & death. Who's whether in the churchyard?
The Mayor says there was a lady, upland, at Joan's.
Keep out the war from the page. now a then I'm reading
Henry Williamson. Again, I think
him

of
sugest
superficial.

NYPL

NYPL

Monday
15th Sept

No invasion yet. Rumour that Awa attempted, but
barges sunk with great loss. Via Maynard, via major fords &
Percy. Raid over Brighton this afternoon. Hornets (on our)
warmed over my head on the bank - sleep forgotten.
It's difficult to see the English white birds. Mabel
goes tomorrow; we pray for the Church bells don't
ring tonight. Domestically, a great relief & peace.
Expansion, it'll be tomorrow, into merry kitchen
haram & haram ways. Now we go to our last (last)
Cook cooked dinner for I don't know how long.
Could it be the end of resident servants for ever! This
may be lonely, fitful evening, as well as the usual
damn Hitler prayer. Camus wood; bowls; asked for Sara
Coleridge, as tho' the New Statesman were immortal.

Monday
16th Sept.

Well, we're alone in our ship. A very wet stormy day. Mabel
sprung off, with her bunions, carrying her bags at 10.
Thank you for all your kindness, she said the same to her brother.
Also and I gave her a reference. "Is there any book that
again" I saw - she said she no doubt - thinking referred to
death. In that 5 years uneasy state but very painful -
calm relation is over: a heavy ungoverned near dropped
from a twig. And we're free, alone. No responsibility:
for her. The home solution is to be have no residents.
but I'm stupid; have been dealing with Mr. Williamson
conspicuously appalled by his 90s Centurion. Are all
written as magnified in their own eyes. He can't move an
inch from the glare of his own personality - he's same. And
I've never read me, those immortal words. In
Charles the archer, a few provisions for our siege in
Leves. Last night we saw fender sparks here; there in
the sky over the flat. I thought they were shells
bursting from the London barage. Great air
traffic all night - some loud explosions. I
listened for Chuck Bell. Thinking, largely I admit,
of finding ourselves prisoned here with Mabel. The
thought the same. Said that if we were to be killed
one would be killed. Peter death in a Holloway
the other playing cards - naturally - to death here.

BYPL

Thursday
17th Sept.

No success. High wind yesterday when Rev. Library I took
down a book of Peter Luca's: criticism. This turned me
against writing my book. London library at my expense. I
turned me against all lit. out: then w. clever, w. action. w.
flubbin, in sentences & attempts to prove - then I'd elect. I
say it is a worse critic than F.L.L. Is all lit. out:
that kind of exhausted air? - book dust, London library,
an. Over it only that F.L.L. is a second hand, frozen
fingered, uneventful specialist. Don't forget his creative,
don't all stuffed with books, water? Would one say
the name of the Common Reader? I dipped for 5
minutes & put the book back depressed. The man asked
what do you want for my copy? I said a history of
English literature. But was w. kicked. I don't look.
There were so many. Her ed I remember the name of
Moxford Books.

I continue, after winning two games of board. Our
Island is a desert island. No letters from Meek. No
coffee. Papers between 3 & 4. Can't get on to Meek. when
we ring up. Some letters take 5 days coming. Trans
lucantani. One must get out at Grogdon. English
goes to Hellon via Oxford. Lower, L. & I, are almost
cut off. John apostates. Talks of Li "bravado": but
d. hasn't spent a night in London. This virtuous d. who
says he will go up by train tomorrow. Happily he now
port house. I don't want to spend a day house lodging:
train prisoned. We found a young soldier in the garden
last night, coming back. "Can I speak to Mr Woolley?"
I thought he meant collecting for urban. No. Could we
lend a typewriter? Officer in hell had gone & taken his:
So we produced my portable. Then he said: Pardon de.
who you play chess? He plays chess with passer:
So we asked him to tea on Saturday to play. It is
with the anticair craft searchlight on the hill.
Find it dull. Can't get on bath. A straight
found natural young man. Prefers some soldier? I think
the son, say you estate agent, or small shopkeeper.
Not public school. Not lower class. But I shall
investigate. "Sorry to break into your private life" he
said. Also that a Saturday he went to the pictures in
Lewes.

NYPL

18th Sept
Wed.

we have used all our courage" are the words that
come to the surface this morning: in heaven that
all our windows are broken, ceilings down, & most of our
China smashed at Metch - Sq. The bomb exploded.
Why did we ever leave Tan Lock? - What the fuss
at 'Munkey Street'? We were about to shoot for London.
When we got on to Min Perken who told us. The
fuss - what remains - who he moved to Litchworth.
A grim morning. How can we get into Mitchell -
Colveridge? As I say, we have used all our courage.
Last night in London - waiting for the wireless. But I did
go ahead with P.H. all the same.

19th Sept.

Less need of courage today. I suppose the impression of
Mun Pi was describing the damage was off. Another
loud night. Another bad rain. Ohed that now I should
John Lever, Selfrid, B. H. along red hamlets. The British
Museum forecourt. A gale & rain here. Thickened
blackberry. I became absorbed in my L.P. speech - dear - 10
memorable talk - but how difficult - for tomorrow. No
letter yet from M.S. No parcel. Piffin won't come.
I'm relieved. Peng is up to some sum about honey.
It costs us about 5/- a comb at the rate. He
fervidly in the usual way. Also has stolen wood.

21st Sept.

We've just bottled our honey. I'm in a rage. Never
has word those 2-2 Anceps. They can come to the
Cottage for a fortnight. I walked to Riddinghoe -
saw a wedding. The Clergyman in the Vestry said:
The page was upset in 1542. - almost 400 years ago.
Loo Jan hadn't chided them and they yoked into a very
sharp shape. The first was towards, in pleated
purple. The man red a collar. He was seized by
pend on the porch who thrust a whole bag of
completeness between them. Their. To make up for
Bryghla. "he saw. Then the air saw went.
I had heard in my sleep. I have forced myself
to overcome my rage at being beaten at Brouth & my
fulminations against Nina by reading Mitchell.

NYPL

NYPL
NYPL
NYPL

As I told Ethel Smith, we must drop a safety curtain over
our private scene. Michael is my safety curtain.
Porter still held up. No Buzand; no Times book; no
answer from N.S. about Coleridge. The train only
goes so far as Peckham. (There's the ah cheer. Rather
think) Mr Charvat's ray women left London at 6:
arrived at 2 a.m. We go up on Monday to
Salvage & see John. Mahel is said to have
nailed curtain over the window. A bomb in
Gordon's car. All windows at 46 broken. I have
written to ask the Bedford to remit our rent. If
refused, we mean to tackle the Duke, & ventilate in
the papers. Very still & warm today. No invasion
becomes possible. Smoke was going up like a
picture on the home over the hill in Piddington.
The river high; all softly blue & melting: autumn
glint - 12 planes in perfect order. Back from the
fight, pan overhead. Last night I had a potted
venom your USA article. Quentin very busy -
male. Mr. West writes not to have money. A
woman did. Way at home. Men garden amiable -
very but handsome. Fear admission: the wage some
keeps a jerk for honey. A student disann. How odd
of me to stop the flesh & see the various motives
Juneteenth.

25th Sept.

It must have been yesterday that the Anup crisis happened.
They had taken the Colfax. Nina told me, in defiance:
Helen the 2 oap. Then I lost my temper, more than for Jean.
I'mi enough they came on Monday. Had I time
I would detail my great philosphical scheme for
organising eroticism for the length of the day. Every
fortnight a decorous tea. A letter to Helen replacing... 2 20 a.
Then, like a star arising. Nina wrote (we are told to
disturb, after an wrangle) that they stay only a week.
Well - I cannot now direct my manoeuvres. All
day - Monday - in London I was conspiring my
aitude: in the flat; dark; carpets nailed to

MYPL

windows; Ceilings down in patches; heap of bags deep
China under kitchen table; bath room untouched. A lonely
leftⁿ day - tender - three days of tender weather - John came.
We are moved to Leekworth. The garden city was moving
that day - Reg's surprising sell. The bomb in
Brown's such sign inflated - was in the back. Comforted by
agitated worn women. Then taken from Arthur Porsonly -
Lord Brice - Christabel from the choked man & the
Post office - To home. And now, constricted by the
Aureps in the village. I plan a tea day Saturday:
clench my teeth, shut my eyes; a glen that, to
the peace of the empty home, - renewed country.
Miriam again withdraws.

Monday
20th

A rather strained talk on the phone with Nena. She hasn't
forgiven the Aurep conversation; - I am Helen for
once more moving herself into an impregnable position
However, Nena held the Trump card. "Both our
Nudios have been destroyed. The wolf fallen in. Still
banging. Pictures burnt." So had to pipe low.
My fallen Aurep a trifle - Helen a mare, near. Our
strategist was to move the A & the B to the same
tea. The A accept rapturously. To there'll be 3
very unpleasant hours on Saturday. I must prepare my
bushman. Thank as they to day. Gathering apples all the
afternoon. German raiders come over. Not forced at
Acheham - Bombs at towered Dealow. Woke up to
Porsonly I remain unmoved only a German bomb?
Oh that's all - No I didn't look out - Consider the
remark last year - still more 10 years. Still more 50
year ago. In flush with P.H. That's good:
The Larkins suspect a review - W I'm more to the -
Grendstone; the perfect antidote to Aurep.
I never mentioned Ken Shephard, the unknown
soldier - But must return to Michelt.

NYPL

Sunday
Sept 29th

a bomb dropped so close I aimed L for slamming the window.
I was writing to Hush. - the line jumped from my lips.
Ran still on. It's like a sheep dog. Chasing & lay out the cows -
for me then jumping & biting - then the marauder
dropping a bone, a bomb towards Melba. Yes. All clear.
Brows. villagers at their doors. Cow. all now become
familiar. I was thinking (among other things) that there is no
Lazyside. Breakfast in bed - Read in bed. Bath. After dinner - but to
Lodge. The rearranging my room (fussy habit to get the view:
Chambers as report; windows left: a new very lovely view)
Tune up, with cigarette: write till 12: Stop: Visit L:
Look at papers: Urban: type till 1. Listen in: Lunch.
Sore jaw. Can't bite. Read paper. Walk to Southsea.
Back 3. Gather a array apples. Tea. Write a letter.
Brows. Type again. Read Mischief & write here. Look
dinner: Mince. Embroidery. 9.30 read (in sleep) till
11.30. Bed. Compare with the old London day.
There a known someone coming. One report, dinner party.
Labouring a walk. Thursday shopping. Tuesday going to tea
with Nina. One city walk. Telephone ringing.
L. to meetings. K. M. or Robson bothering. - That was
an average week: with Friday to Monday here.
I think, now we're married, I ought to cram in a letter
more reading. Get why? A happy, a very far.
Derogatory - a life that keeps from one simple melody to
another. Yes: why not enjoy this & the all those years & the
other? for I compare with Mrs. Becken day. At 58
Mrs. P. may live as I do. Are you yesterday. Easy -
Samuelia - friendly. The brats brutish. So ungratefully.
And artfully rude to Helen, to whom she is so
reluctant. Both treat her as a menial, a servant, an
unheeded. Both very callous. Callous, rather -
over emphatic - Unrestrained; Embryos, unlinked cub.
She goes to the Pub at night. Pa attacked Phoebe Pool.
He wants to go back to London. An. Undisciplined, unshowered
& not very attractive or seductive mind. Crude & raw.
Both & were young - & so have what they. Helen then more.
Nina ran up. A statue: fussy & alone
Fulved.

NYPL

Wednesday
Oct 2nd

Could I not to look at the sunset rather than write this?
a flash of red in the blue; the haystack in the marsh catches the
glow; behind me, the apples are red in the trees. L. in gathering
them. Now a plume of smoke goes from the train under
Caban. And all the air a solemn stillness holds. Tell
f. to when the Cadaverous twanging in the air they
begin; the plagues young leader. With its an hour still
to that. Cows feeding. The elm tree spreading its little leaves
against the sky. One pear tree swayed with pear; a thin
weathercock above the triangular church tower above us
why try again to make the samishan catalogue. From
which something escapes. Should I in think of death?
Last night a great heavy plunge of bomb under the
window. So near we both started. A plane had
passed dropping this fruit. We went onto the terrace.
Wrinkles of stars wrinkled - settling. Ah just. The
bombs dropped a word like. There are two
by the river, marked with white wooden crones,
still unburnt. I saw to L. I don't want to
die yet. The chances are against it. But they're
coming at the railway in the power works. They
get closer every time. Caban was long crowned
with what looked a settled moth, wings extended - a
Menerochmelt it was. Shot down a Sunday.
I had a nice gallop this morning with Colonel -
Zara. I'm to make £20 with 2 articles. Books
will hold up. And Maria free. Mayot write to
say "I did it" & add, a long letter all about
yourself, what you believe. "What do I?"
Can't at the moment remember. Oh I just
imagine how one is killed by a bomb. I've got it
fairly vivid - the sensation: but can't see anything
but hallucinating non entity following after. I shall
think - oh I wanted another 10 years - not this - I
want, for one, be able to describe it. It - I mean
death; no, the branching & scrambling. The
crashing of my bone shade in on my very active eye?
Brain: the process of putting out the light, - painful?
Yes - Terrible. I suppose it - there a woman; a French
two when Jules attempted to become - a thin. Dot
dot dot

NYPL

Sunday
6th Oct.

I match this page with Aureps & Rubi Borensen's manuscript -
what? What it was seem strange that I (a) walking in the
marsh just back at a house water: then taken to the garden
gone above: then I take 2 hats nearer I, presently
suddenly that 2 birds had been he killed with one stone?
They got Lewis at last yesterday. Eleven boats King rep -
not one gun drawing blood; why then, grave pit -
windows. he discovered Percy. But its indelible - the
Crater in the full by the line - No. 2. Three craters today.
A very strong hooded clouded day. Favourable for hiding
plans. We'd seen in the river. To 11 a.m. 2. 11 a.m.
Cormorants. But my old St. Ives Sea Sense Nests that.
I'm earning £30 this week. 2 Coleridges; Sitwells. And can't
help running them all into a back, in out, wind & wind I
shall head a necklace through which life is lit. But no, I
won't let myself feel that. Never had a better writing season.
P.H. in fact pleases me: & I like to do now. May listen to
write. Low Brecher introduced the Morgan, who are deeply
interested by Roger. But I can't write with Aureps imminent.
Praise be. They go tomorrow for I like Baba - perhaps up to
fresh & thoughtful though that brooked about her now: alive:
foolish: Helen a love, - well, I don't like the sufficient: just
can't see how she'd kill it. The weak are the wrong down, as
old Walter once said the drifters that foul the nets.
Only - only - I see too many sides now, growing old. What's the
love, being a drifter? Vita a Wednesday. I think I would
thrust the hole - on the Aureps as I can't avoid within gate -
with Michiel. I'm tired of article writing.

10th Oct.

Rather flush of idea, because I have had an idle day, a
non-writing day - what's what one in a way - a
Vita lacking day. What's what? On the way: Vombs:
which know her, what not; then Ben's attack:
then our books - all very ample say & satisfaction. The
has a hard on life. Knows plants & their mind &
books, lunches with Prince Bernhard, makes a
contrast to the wrong men "I am Robert of Austria" -
warms up with R.G.A. & is generally slack &
abundant & wholly without the little article
back kitchen table, so perceptible in Helen,
large & tolerant & modest, with her hands lovely
upon so many veins: roses; Harriet; Jaden; Jean.

MYPL

humorous too, & see deeply. I mean authoritatively, doubly
affectionate. I'm glad that you love her weathered so well.
The drive in the leaves; a great storm; car unaccompanied;
seven wounded arms left her at the door. Above
gha head; the drive off under happy brown velvet coat &
yellow short gown. I suppose people will say, rather heavy &
bloody; her eyes her hair; her cheeks spread - but
to garden & all, it don't matter. So we walked
home across the marsh. How free, how peaceful we are.
No one coming. No servant. Done when we like. Living
near to the town. I think mine marked life rather
competently. I was thinking of Mabel's husband. He said her
dead. Conca I would it, how profoundly intelligent & kind he.
The cold fear-shaped woman: her unspread country child:
no do her life with Charles that unkindly me. He was 'an
own'. Did a good deal of shady dealing I suppose.
Lived in lodges kept by an old lady near Clapham Common.
Used to eat raw fish - being from Yorkshire. A typical
underground card. He made a good deal at day sale.
He would take Mabel to see glaucoma. How did they meet?
He was like a woman to him. Why didn't they marry?
Had he a wife? Every spare day I would find him in
red red faced grizzled man with short beard -
perhaps helping to work up. Her other passion was the
Opera. He knew them all by heart. For hours they would stand
in a queue, at the Old Vic etc. He knew all the tunes.
What a queer relationship - the so decent & permissive set
following him, materializing round him, to take to sleep:
following the form shows; always with something on.
I gave him 3 lessons; but I also made him
come down here, when he was ill - had, the bloodless
circumference of the domestic hour! Now this - been
"as near death as can be" - the state of things in the
theater. It is something like a friend Bennett
wrote the life of the baron woman; her subterranean
London life. with this 'friend' as she called him.
Charles Stanford I think her name was - Charles
with do - or won't do - the thought of him as a
mark imperious bag. Now her life is over; & now
we know more than I do about Charles. Mabel.

MYPL

Jan-act-
12 14

I would like to pack my day rather fuller. most reading
must be munching. It were not reasonable to say so,
a day like this is almost too - I want my happy - but
amenable. The time varies, from one nice melody to another
all is played (wily) in such a theatre. Hills & fields; I can't
stop looking; October bloom; brown plough; the fading -
freshening the march - now the mist comes up - And one
things 'pleasant' as in another: breakfast, writing, walking, tea,
books reading, sweets, bed. A letter from Rose about her day.
I like almost break mine. Mine reverts. The globe
wound again. Bohemian - Oh yes - But I was
thinking I must intensify. Partly Rose - Partly I'm terrified &
famine acquiescence I live in intensity. In London,
now, or 2 years go. I'd be owing through the streets.
More pack - Thrill than here. Is I must my supply
that - how? I think back ^{in my} ~~making~~ And there's
always the chance you wish were: no. I want one more
from my magnifying glass on that. Scraps of memoirs
come so coolly to my mind. Wound up in those 3
little articles (one sent only) I unwound a page about
Theby Fish forgotten. I must invent a dinner. But
it's all so heavenly free: say - d. n. d. alone. We
want lower ways to 15/- from 12/ the week. The is
as long. Wound as a small bag tipped. I've my rug in
hand too. Another pleasure. And all the clothes
dressing, light dressing, roiling dressing obliterated.
But I want to look back on them war years as years of
housework something or other. L. father apple - July
bark. I imagine a village invasion. Queen the
contraction & life to the village radius. Wood
bought too to stock many winters. All our
friends are isolated over winter fires. Letter from
Cynthia. Bumsy re. Chana & interruption small
now. No can - No petrol - Name - antipen. And
we on our lonely free autumn island. But I will
give Wanti. a firming trip this winter let both
I was glad to see the CR. all spoked with readers at the
Free Library which I think is belonging.

NYPL

17th Oct.
Thursday

Our private luck has faded. John says I've lost life in
no more. I shall no longer wake in the night
thinking the wolves luck has taken a downward turn.
For the first time they were rash & foolish. Second, an
urgent request from Harpen Bagnan for an article in
Hog. In that too, far from being barren, and I thought, in
front hearing. And the short I don't know how much
brain nerve saving £30 fr. with 3 extra articles. But I
say, the effort has its reward; for in worth, over the time
invest like currency & diligence £120 to the light.
A perfect day - a red admiral feasting in an apple day.
A red roller apple (yours) from butterfly and, behind in
not blue warm coloured down & fruit. Something dropping
through not air to rest on the earth. The light is now
fading. Upon the screen then the twang & splashed
strings... But it's almost forgettable still; the
negative operation on the tortured London. Mabel wants to
leave it. L. Lawing wood. The funny little cross which
Chuck shows against the door. We go up to morning.
A mat is rising; a long piece of white in the morning.
I must black out. I had so much to say. I am feeling my
mind slowly with E. Har. Mabel & my lettering mind feel
like the Red Admiral - the screen, just as I had drawn the
curtain. Now the unpleasant part begins. Who'll be
killed tonight? Not in, I suppose. One doesn't think of that -
same as a quickener. Indeed I often think our Indian
summer was deserved: after all those London years. I mean,
their quickness in every day seen against a very faint
shade of lovely wit. But to continue - by the way
write a crude grasping letter. Ethel, having done her
usual trick - sympathy. I must have sympathy - forget -
ours this alone, in fact, bursting; so why he taken under the
extraverts ever again? They scream to wear an echo - like
Hugh. Ethel must must be heard. Vika with a broken
ho, a Jacob's sheep wool. Not an extravagant. And
I returned to Pitt ladies: a aunt to transfer my habitual
note taking. What - what I do in odd days - to Randa
ready. The idea is, accumulate notes. Oh - I'm
marked the iron curtain for my brain. When I that
when I'm tired fight. No reading no writing. No drawing.
No 'ment'. I wake - jerkily in the rain over the
Riddingshoe down - a new line.

4

NYPL

Sunday Oct.
20th

The most-what? - influence. no, that's not it - light in London
on Friday was the queue, mostly children with suit cases, outside
Warren's tube. Then was about 11-30. We thought they were
Evacuees, waiting for a bus. But there they were, in a much
longer line, with women, men, more boys. Baskets, sitting there at
3. Lining up for the shelter in the night raid - which came?
Came. Then, when, but the tube at 6 (a bad raid on
Monday) they were back again at 11. To the Van Lark St.
With a sight of what saw a heap of rum. Three houses. I
tho. - say some. Barement all rubble. Only what an old
parked chair (bought in Fitzroy St. days) a Penman's board
to sit. Otherwise bricks & wood splinters. One glass door
in the next door house hanging. I'd just see a piece of
the wall standing. The ruins rubble where I wrote to
my books. Open air where we sat so many nights. Jan 20
my parker. The hotel not touched. As to Meek.
all again better, glass, black roof dust, plaster powder. Men
tallor. Men Edward in frocks, overalls, a furban,
weeping. I noted the glances Mr. T. hand: the same a
Men Penman's gloves friendly & hospitable when I came.
I really jerky talk. Repetitions. So sorry we had had
her card... to have for the shock. The awful... upstairs
the propped a leaning back for us. But, all over
my own floor. In my room, glass all over
Mr. Hunter cabinet - so on. One the drawing room
with windows almost whole. A wind blown through.
began to hunt for Diana. What did we salvage in the
where can? Darwin. & the silver, & some glass.
China. Then, I on my chair hunting. Mahel came. As
discreet & matronly as ever. Rather finer & sadder. I
arranged that the sh. - come here for a fortnight. She too
almost, in her very trained servant way, overcome. Our home,
the view. Like a monkey's house. I'd not had her clothes
off since she left. And for the haberdash - here she
passed "you hear them wheeking round you, you wonder is
it our turn next?" The flats had fallen on top of her
shelter. Answer & came to wrap to recover my fur coat.
I worked with her in the kitchen packing Duncan's
things. Men's plates. Very friendly, devoted, her
forming a helper afterwards. Offered her fare - the refund.

NYPL

(And the hand come, greatly to our relief - on the pleasure of the
empty house - & the ship in wh. we're the crew...) Then lunch at
Fouquet, where Drang won. John came - I forgot the Voyage of the
Beagle. No rain the whole day. So about 2-30 drove
home. L. says £10 and over our damage. Cheered in the
whole by London. Damage in Bloomsbury considerable: 3
horns out in Caroline Place: but miles & miles of
Hyde Park - & Lambeth Terrace, & Queen's Gate
untouched. Now we seem getting London.
Plans for buying a house in Leam & having our
furniture. Perhaps having more for our books at the
Rectory. Exhibition at losing possession - I am
at times I want my books & chair & carpets & beds -
How I wanted to buy them - one by one - and the
pictures. But to be free of Meek - and now he is
dear. Almost certainly it will be destroyed - now
further tenancy that being that one... In the state of the
more & the expense, no doubt, you can see these. We
shall be cheaply put - I mean, if we'd stayed at
52 & lost all our possessions. But to add - the
what at losing possession - I was like to start life, in
here, almost here - free to go anywhere. Can be in
and a Meek too? Nina to tea yesterday.
Talk of farmhouse at Cheltenham? - for A & B.
I should love to buy it - Checked by L.
Tomorrow we go to Leam & home agents.
I must add that today is a hot day. Mended -
down: heard furniture at Dover? - Mending
Catala: summer clothes: L. cleaning beds. Too
hot for fire. Must ring. Must black out.

BYPL

23rd Oct

Michael has come. I thought I heard a rat gnawing
when I came in from the marsh. Broke into the
Kitchen & found her there. By all our relations in
Jones. More there, passive, dependent. And how to
make a move? Seems impossible. The old wifes of
unpardonable damp despair is on me - I say this
proudly cheered by Charles' death - after an operation at
looking. "I could envy him" she said to me this
morning. "They say the poor fellow - sitting doing
nothing". So Lewis asked the rent of "Glen
Tree house - \$10. with a view to buying a house."
Henry Bollen has rooms. Mrs Elms has a
table. Mrs Elms always reads "your wife's books."
Don't don't understand them - for the beautiful English.
I wish I didn't play bowls. O. Walter in a white
calmly a row. Critics, in Irish, having circulated
2. who said he had had luck: I won the 2nd game - too
hasty to do more than black out before dinner.
Mable somewhere secretly observing. The vast
dear that float are never caught. I thought: how I
see people in the man: I singly. I thought
properly like the rim of sea anemones but would the
there in James Father. Jan.: I thought Beresford. Ruthie
Luther has been killed by a bomb. I thought. I will
write support & address for my old Thel article:
a good deal about manners, a new class;
about my rug (I snags when we jump) about
a prayer for the Vn Stene in P.H. no reply from
Harpers; Gramophone mended but bad;
I want the thought may return; a lovely
almost a red admiral & apple dog; 24 vols of
I carry salves; a great man for my memoirs;
the lazy talk of pregnant women - to wit,
Mrs Wullenden in the broken shop: looked out
Wood in the sun; I now I will light the fire.
an L - corner with the logs. And 2, rug
receding. mine, bed.

NYPL

Wed. 23rd
Oct

Heard the whistle & horns for the first time today -
About 5 - windy, cloudy: played horns. Hearing heard a
plane: suddenly heard a whistle. When the pig escape - rather
Then I saw smoke, over the field path. Then 4 upstarts
thuds - said to be at flow & the new home of South-
Norham. Went into village. What about the children, said
Anne's sister a law. Then Anne - two children appear.
In the bus from Lewis they had seen the lions pale sea.
No one knew - as far as known - now holding a special
making. How instructive the mother teaches in. The
Children ... Off the van. Told with strong spring for
an English with a up to 2 more taken from H.B.

Saturday
Oct. 26th

"The complete inside" - I have just coined this
title to express my feeling towards George Orwell;
who has been made master of French: whose history
& Ireland I began after tea. (throwing aside Michelet was
15 with a glorious sense of my own free & common in reading
now) Herbert Fisher is another: so (with a 'perhaps')
in Mapman. They are Romans not Greeks. I like
outsideen habit. Widen with a Coleridge English. They
are turned out by the university machine. I respect them.
Father was one variety. I don't love them. I don't know them.
In school children are the glory of the 15th Century. They do a
great service, like Roman roads. But they
avoid the forests with the work of the workers.
Rather a harassed day yesterday - Leslie Humphreys:
carrying the part of the James. He climbs - He's
a jolt. His communication - But a how - a
week he - a particular how. At the same time
he part touched, part flattered me by his letter
private talk about Judea. How the
upon "things to go & heaven... for in the world of
some they work hardy" He pools his bank
balance with he: is proud, worthily: & he:
says the supper, from a sense of guilt.
Provides he I suppose with confidence in the normal.
But he repeats Li: & Mabel has had an Li
the children: & the Figs will have to. Two cows
for more.

NYPL

Sunday
29th Oct.

Rather than wash my head I will here record (it has taken me 10 minutes to fit new sheets into this book) a London day. Up by train. Seeing a chick early morning the first light to Mabel, who's gone to 1 Saph. Fig. Train luxurious & fast. Bus of weaving. Very little new damage. City looked untouched. The flat wind swept. We walked - all our past picked & scored. at 52 we saw the panels. The pendant - 3 at least. The scorecard talked to us about Tally - Li old fine frontage brown - to buy wool. We round the square home. Lost damage in the cold room. Salvaged a few books off the floor. Butcher had his garden up with a spade. Much lamented our carpet under deep in plaster & glass. L. to the Fabians. I by some hanky panky in panting my watch to late - 5 to the 1/2 hour in Peccadilly - had to jump into taxi. St James Church & the shop opposite. Ruins in a little 29th - Crater in front of the Palace. We'll be L. standing outside Fabian - to Victoria. Air said would last there for 3/4 hour. No gun. In home. How happy - several letters - one from the woman gardener, who has now read as many as 100 papers. P. 34 in R.T. back (St Benson) from Times: word for & that all. Today I cycled to Newhaven - City & the Dead. deplorable shops empty: silent, closed men - Baker boasted of the rain - at 5.30 probably 25 German aircraft: dropped 25 bombs - house rained - letters. Girl killed. And not a shot fire any where near. The showing self consequence of the really bombed. Home by James Kevels. The love lab of low view.

NYPL

Friday
Nov 1st

A gloomy evening, spiritually: alone over the four-
bed with influenza cold: caught off Percy. WJ am alone: -
by way of conversation, apply to this two stout volume.
My time book this week is SF Benson's autobiography -
in which he tried to rasp himself clean of his barnacles
I learn there the perils of gluttony. I too can pick
pkins. He said "one must discover new depths in one's
weak" I don't bother about that here. I write with this. The
perils of gluttony. And add, considering how I feel in my
lungs the weight of every word, even of review, need I feel
guilty? The relief of my distracted memory - I had to
ring up Mr Talbot - who was to come tomorrow - as he
was spent fighting that wicked £150 story, the legacy.
Wick. I combed a tedious - so far as 'it' has any hair with
head. Then slipped into my memoir - two criticisms, a an
related: too many upshots: as it stands. A real life has no
Crisis: hence nothing to fight. It must lack centre - it must
amble on. At the same, I can wear a very thick
padding, one of these days, when that pattern of detail.
Then I carried to lunch. Then I packed my baggage. Then I
wrote to Lewis. I saw a chocolate velvet Bradshaw, &
his part. Early in the morning Annie came, asked me to
stand for W. C. H. "No" I cried too violently - The
how don't understand humor. I repeated, went round
later & found her in the sunny parlour with all the
urban artificial carnation. I said I would. For I
could see by the pleasure she felt when I offered to
nominates her, that she takes this infernal task. They
sorrowfully: it is an excitement. Two white Enfold took. They
seen out like dogs the new chasing them.
Yours lives in a village, we had better snatch it offering.
Mr Talbot rang up. Later too they to come. Arrived both
with some - oh dear - next week. And the raid
was had last night. At 3 a.m. a bomb dropped 2
soon off - sorrowfully hurt a man. The raid was
in English shell, unexploded. The Watham, the rep.
are practicing: noising in the dark - as they did
to other night too. This very rough self-conversation
had better end with the page - Paper being rare, & so on.
I forget to say that I heard of the Matheson's death today
from Ethel - But she calls up no image.

NYPL

Sunday
3rd Nov.

Yesterday the river burst its banks. The mank is now a sea
with jells on it. L. (recovered) & I walked down to the
hangar. Water broken, wheli. wavy, pouring down
through the gap to the full box. A bomb had exploded
last month; old Thompson told me it took a month to mend.
For some reason (bank weakened & went away by full box) it
went again. Today the rain is tremendous. And gale. Strong
dead old nature were picking up the heels. Down to
the hayrack again. Flood deeper & fuller. Bridge cut off.
Water made road impassable to the farm. No strong
mank walks are gone - unless? Another break in the
bank. It comes over in a cascade: the sea is
unfathomable. Yes, now it has crept up round
Thompson's haystack - the haystack in the flood - & is at
the bottom of our field. Lovely when the sun were out.
Medieval in the mist tonight. Other night
looking alone, fresh came. Light shower. A
plane overhead (Wawa bagat starlight) Lulu.
P.C. Collins. Here I observed the official bully.
So 'uds' - is unpay; the working man made
dread up. Saw me a dressing down.
Threatened. Udded. What a chance to give a lady
a bit shi man! When they're not respectful,
they're no "manners" to talk back at: only
original - with not savagery, nor brutality: bully is
the fellow. Every night you show a light. No other
home does. Next time - prison, fine, ridiculous
I tried my lady talking to him. No good. Mr.
Woolf in bed - that's why. No good. So I
took note of him too: wiped his breath in the
bank of class manners. Anyhow we spent 4
hours sketching curtains yesterday. L. still
laughing. And Mary H. on the phone, asks to
bring Franzetti tomorrow. I am happy, getting
my money making; back at P.H. working in
Kanto: lovely. I'm glad to say, a small canon:
of the freedom -

NYPL

5th Nov.

The haystack in the flood is a much more debris
beauty... when I look up I see all the marsh water.
In the sun deep blue, full of caraway seed: now brown:
at last the floor: yellow colored: the green pen:
red cottage roof: oh maybe the flood left for ever -
a very big: no bay below: as it was in the
beginning. To me showed the Maryn Mrs.
Hamilton (an Italian: formerly married to Franchetti)
now she had gone with the red house in front.
over inland sea. Cabern is become a cliff.
I was thinking: the university tells she's like HALF &
more than. They are then product. Also: when I was 20
terrible. Also: the old buyer for books is on me:
the childish passion to that I am very 'happy'
in the region: created by P.H. The day
that I came in April. A new style to
me. You know Regan. The new dead flower:
Covers her hand to shake hand. A very dull life in.
the Palazzo Corsini. Nerino a doctor. Was
with the Huxley & Sullivan when Ott & P.P. came
Ott bathing in pink fight with a great hat. May like
I liked her when I found the woman Nahan. May like
a Jew net - a man with can saw back I liked her.
James Sheehan drinker. At the young by the drink
Moral. I like when I arrived much less. Speaks
holding out. Robert more hopeful. At 10:30
tells from John. During the week of 3 men for 2 1/2 -
all our talent. This his reaction to his own folly in
proaching Auden. Auden has cried out - taking John
£100. Hamish Hamilton a publisher. Publisher Mrs.
Therick. Mr Harna arrives with 2's amulet. Violet
talk with old William. On the black art which we
in the bud. Men found out with the Canadian.
The Canadian playing a game in the road and ordered
during. Estimate from Corvick for books furniture £25.
No letter - only Denry. And to read Josephine
the hottest product of the University.

BYPL

7th Nov.

Morgan asks she may propose me for the L.L.
Committee. Rather to my pleasure I answered No.
I don't want to be a top - a face ^{card} ~~card~~. This was
a nice little finish to a meeting with that
grand old man the L.L. - He snuffed about women
on (the) one & three days I'll refuse. I was identically
and now there - Here is L. so I stop. Found
bombing last night - L. thinks: as 7 - said to the
Glynedhouse. Lancelin tomorrow. Oh how the
Zalbots for the week end.

MYPL

12th Nov.

Uncle Sam is dead: & you hold on till March
we have broken the back (or whatever the phrase is)
There two facts run up the paper. I would add about
Greece... Hitler speech... no: time goes so heavy &
slow, that nothing marks the day. A bomb fell at
Lynch yesterday. There is nothing new. Sarbome
bombed. London. I am thinking, in these some public
utterance, the Talbot Character. That is the tip of
tongue. He is a little thing. Mean black. nervous.
By degree revealed himself: humble; independent;
intelligent. Entirely without mother. Priming
with natural vitality: a great adept, in his
way as he is. Half Greek. His mother poor,
Zalouka; a father an East end - what was
in the war. became typical. Lost his back. Rose (her
name) left school at 13. Went to work to help her
mother, who, fathered, were heavily out. The children
danced, Russian & Greek dances. A devoted family.
Very hungry from the said. Has a passion for the
Law - the Pritchard only gave her 2 weeks
holiday as she wd go to live covering a Meyoune
the corresponded with girls in Stockholm & Turkey
to enlarge her mind. The lover was a little
she was hungry. She darned my stockings. She
makes her own journey. On Sundays she does
the washing. Her husband (Schrag) was -
Cabinet maker. An expert in politics. Rose
has collected several oak tables in that "tone in".
The girls "buffy" lean, once a week, to the shop.
They dance the fays, & at a time, in the
dining room, which is the pride of the life. A
round table by from the kitchen steps out. Meats up in
shops to Pritchard. Revealed the liver of
Miss Mann. Miss Edward: both conservatives.
very poor. Catholics. Hate present, religion.
So we talked - not with a step down.
He is the new class man, very remarkably.

NYPL

BYPL

1. 111

1. 111
1. 111
1. 111

Sunday
12th Nov.

I observe, as a curious triple in mental history — I
was like to take naturalistic notes — human
naturalistic notes — that this the ~~the~~ rhythm of a
book that, by running in the head, winds one into a
ball; a so jades one. The rhythm of P.H. (the
last chapter) became so obtrusive that I
heard it, perhaps used it, in every sentence I spoke.
By reading the notes for memoirs I broke this up.
The rhythm of the notes is far freer & looser. That
two days of writing in that rhythm has
completely refreshed me. So I go back to P.H.
to-morrow. This I think is rather profound.

Bertie Holm perishing; Louise says "you are too
well liked for any village to take it — Has it been
Mr Coats ... This matters us. A fight over
Knotts Bushen. A little companion of
exclamation marks. Supposed to be the
Mrapnel & the air gun for shells. A-to
two loud explosions. A great chase, —
all the farm out watching. We don't

Thompson making wild attempts at comment.
Flood even higher. And the plumes of the sky in his
water — a the water wild birds — a L. cut down the
party funeral trees today. And I lost the view.
I cannot fix my mind to details. The better
diminished when we were playing cards. A man's voice
heard, the card of St Dunstan found in the door.
Assumption then that the voluntary Collector took a
a Canadian soldier stole Peter's bicycle pump.
Two Mrs Rowland left the house holding
nothing in their hands. Mrs Tharman
— I'm a lone woman — always
Nurs when she's — a cellar,
Duffing wet — Lord! —

NYPL

18th Nov.

have your letter and cables. I was thinking; I was
finishing Herbert Read an autobiography this morning
at breakfast. Letter says making sand castles.
This refers to H. Read: Tom Eliot: Santayana: Wells:
Each is weatherlight, & gives shelter to the occupant.
I think I can follow Read's building: so far as one
can follow what one cannot build. But I am the
one which demolishes these castles. I use the image;
meaning that owing to Read's article on Rye,
his self that built the castle is to me destructive of its
architecture. A mean, vituperative Read = dwells outside.
What is the value of a philosophy which has no
power over life? I have the death vision. I mean,
and I am not engaged in the labour of making this
intricate word structure I also see the man
who makes it. I should say the only word proof not
weather proof. We have to discover the natural
law & live by it we are anarchists: we take the
leap (Gloyne's) from what we know to the
unknown. This is his definition of Romanticism
of neo-realism. His selection from literature is:
Flaubert, Henry James, Blake, Wordsworth. All we at the
moment can do is to make these selections: like
dogs, seeking the grain that cures us. But of
course, bring a tower down, Read then walks
them in, others out. Plato & Rome did not write
reviews for the spectator. I plan then to endow him
with a purity that is impossible when I know that
Herbert Read attacks Rye. Letter Read in the image in
the face of a party board school boy. Is this
word "letter" intrinsically of the living? I am
carrying on, which I read, the idea of women
discovering, like the 19th century rationalist, a protest,
that man is no longer God. My position,
clearing to attack the religion, is quite unlike Read's,
Wells, Tom, or Santayana. The essential to
remain outside; & within my own belief.
or rather not to accept theirs. A line to think out.

BYPL

Friday
20th Nov^r

Is there a difference of temperature between the morning and the evening? If so, it will be debated in the pages that come before this: the morning pages. We have been shopping in Brighton. This a raw cold day, with the wind rising now. And I am mooning over my Mr. Chaplin in R.R. trying to find some clue: some transition from the home to the hat & horten. But I think I am thinking in not colloquial. But I want work about: rather fine it an hour or so of dumb blind life & trust it will come to the top tomorrow. We bought a ~~few~~ duck for our Xmas luncheon. We bought some beans & a wedge of cheese. I bought Eileen Power for 80 & I put out buying a new cigarette holder - mine being foul. Yesterday we went to the release school. They make things. If Raymond had been shown the sea kindly striped animals he would have said they were like halibut - unattractive & ugly. I put beside the fisher & a cucumber Mrs. Janzen: also beside Mr. Hana. & invited Mr. Elbs to tea, for she has a picture of the Dead nought.

MYPL

Saturday
Nov 22^d

Having this moment finished the Preface - or Prolegomena? -
(begin perhaps April 1938) my thoughts turn
with us. To write the first chapter of the next book (narrative)
anon. It will be called. The last narrative of the
last morning should refer to Louis's interruption;
telling a plan for, in whose thin milk was a
patent butter. Then I went in with her to skin the
milk off: then I took the part & showed it to
Leonard. Then was a momentary great household
triumph.

I am a little triumphant about the book. I think it
an interesting attempt in a new method. I think it
more general than the others. More milk
than that. I mean that. I mean that. I mean that. I mean that.
Every page. This book was only (I must note)
written at intervals when the pressure was at its
highest, during the dredging of Rye. I think I shall
make this then my scheme: if the new book can be
made to write as daily dredging - only I hope to
leave that - anyhow it will be a supported or fact
book - then I shall have some moments of high
pressure. I think of taking my mountain trip - that
persistent for now - as a starting point. Then we what
comes. If nothing, it won't matter.
We lunch with B. & C. at Clarendon yesterday.
B. was rarely from the chart. A little shabby, also
nervous. I got a little ~~substantive~~ group in the
Chimney corner. But it's not the old family case - B
disrupts the family influence. B. dislikes the house.
No room to living a cabin, he grumbled. "But
I rather like the country." I, of course, at once
saw the country as something I loved.

NYPL

Nov. 2nd.

we lost our way. Up a lane we went to a tree
shadowed house, with a porch; a a Swan. & a curious
shaded barn, with small Gothic windows. I waited in
the car. Such antiquity all gone to pieces. Some old
farm waggon, some ploughs; a battered car in the yard.
L. was wrongly directed. I knocked again; & an
old buck in red breeches - blue eyes, hair
netted, munching his Volney lunch. Came out. I
noticed the ancient lot, walking sticks; & also the
long line panelled door. C. farm home is in
the field. What a house. Long tracks of grass.
Red plumed wood in the arboreal. And four hollow
trees. Also a ham. I w. have fancied living there;
it has a marble hall - w.c. many rooms. Thick
walls; tiled passages: Central heating. But they
said it was put up between nothing in style. When
I think of Monk's Norm when we took it -
when I think of the E.C. in the garden; the cane chair
over a basket, & the dogs parking; a house I
loved the village - which has now become famous & even
famous - aren't I on the C. (the W. - don't I)
go to a meeting in Monday? - then I w. have given
my eye to live in Clarendon, with the fields, & the
green paths, & the farm house & ploughing. L. however
gave none of this. In fact, his position, with B as
his mentor, struck in both as almost grotesque - a
distortion: a dream; for how can the brown Bottom
and when with the wake? To us drove back to the
combination of lenses. - I bought my cream separator:
a device with which you skim the milk.
The food is less today - as if a Elizabethan Watson
lunch tomorrow to be it. No word from John.
The L.T. article starred in a Let Sup - leader - Am I
again in favour? Yesterday a raid came popping
over the hill: I saw a smoke rise. In fact it was
the room at Tarny. Some. Louis says the colony
people "stamped" the heads of the 4 dead
Germans into the earth.

MYPL

Friday
29th Nov.

Many many deep thoughts have rushed me. And that.
The pen writes salt on their hair: they are the shadow of life.
I am thinking about vampires. Leeches. Anyone with
500 a year & speculation, is a bona fide sucker to the
leeches. Put me & me into Rudolph's foot & we
are sucked - sucked - sucked. I see the reason for those
who look green - poor life - ideas - that & bit
thick. We've exchanged the clown for the simply.
The simple living in our life. Last night L. Johnson
atracted Tucker. Given Thompson is a sucker.
(L is getting large & I can't wait) From this to
matters: - a thought to thank for my back.
John has written - wobbly: wants time to write
longer - 3rd miss of Peter: a) not too.
Very long has last week in London. Peter & Tom:
the looking 37 as a student furniture across a Monday.
Leah Deborah asks to come - B & A tomorrow. Now
I must read & live very

Friday 6th
Dec.

And then what they call real life broke in.
Vans arrived in a deluge. As we unpacked
standing in the rain. And the Botters did the
clerk on a. Result: M.H. George with old
keys & when hot. And the American woman
laid on with 4 tons of old damp books.
Real life is a helpless whether, heathen in the mind
doubtless. I can't climb up to the other life in a
hurrying. I see what a working woman life is. No
time to think. A breeze with the curtain. No
solace. I cannot concentrate when I'm - partly
mean. I'm not sure of my audience in Harper.
Queen's last night: urban. happy. Fears told us
the story & South African war - war seen from the
ground in the private. A child's eye view. Peter
Clifford - old paper, taken notebook. I'm going
to find the unknown to night: & in colored paper
they may refresh my eye. Ah this waiting - what a
deluge of words I've let loose - on paper only. I mean
not printed - And must now climb a low rung -
very - up towards my heights.

BYPL

Sunday
Dec. 7th

I have only five minutes after a struggle with Ellen Terry
to say that the war - yes I have left only 5
minutes to file in that 0 mission - the war goes on:
In 10 years I shall ask, what was happening to the
war? It is better the Greeks are driven the
Makam on the Albania. Perhaps this is the
turning point in the war. But it bubbles out in
rush with drops. One can't always catch them.
The war slowly snatches Italy on a great scale: round
our little scale. We spend 59 minutes here: one
minute there. Badoglio has resigned. And
you beat Italy we beat Germany. This a cold
windy winter day.

Sunday
Dec. 16th

Exhausted with the long struggle of writing 2,000
about Ellen Terry, - interrupted by 4 days of
fracture moving - distracted by the chaotic
state of our possession - on the huddle -
hedgehogs of unhappiness - on these little
had obliterated all our books, table carpets -
pictures - On that we were empty -
bare & unpossessed - I take my pen to
draw & draw a letter. The year draws to an
end: I am exhausted, damp: but I am renewed & re-
new from May: & so will take the matter in
hand: scrub & polish & de-draw: & make our
life here as fast & bright & vigorous as it can be.
It's rather a low lap: the winter lap. So cold after.
And so much work to do. And so little fat to
cook with. And so much shopping to do. And
one has to weigh & measure - when Kyrle comes -
down for sugar & butter. I will write
memoirs, I think: then Reading at Random.
Measure, order, measure are now my jobs. Even
my hand makes - we have the kitten. One day

MYPL

Last week we lunched at Key Cross with John. He was
 polite impersonal. The Bina Consort. A tremendous
 lunch. Why are we hooked to that large, rather
 pretentious bird better than? And must I
 spend my last years feeding his doubt row of
 teeth? I forget. I forget what I wished to say.
 P.M. effusive but less disinterested. He ruined 2
 days, now I come to think of it. The Senatus Plato 9
 his mind & only takes the surface. See, it's
 like forming the films - the film of December 1940
 talking to himself. He reels off Bob Brookly.
 shells; air raid; pictures; not compared, but
 fluent. I sit with my eyes closed. Then at
 meals he scrapes & roars. I look in the lamp
 kitchen. And the village keeps fugging &
 fugging. The W.I. party tomorrow. My old
 dislike of the village bids at me. I carry horses
 alone in the fields. So pretty to hearing are
 the clams & gardeners. Chances. I don't like
 but here I stop. Italy is being crushed. Land
 dismister. No raid lately. Mayot asks me
 to lunch & has let me Voltaire when with.

Monday 19th
 Dec.

1940 is undoubtedly coming to an end. The shortest day
 comes this week: then the days draw out.
 How he interesting if I could take today,
 Thursday, & say exactly how the war changes it.
 It changes it when I order dinner. Our ration of
 Merganser is so much that I can't think of my
 pudding ran with pudding. We have no sugar to
 make sugar pudding: no party, when I
 buy it ready made. The shops don't fill
 till midday. They are bought fast. In the
 afternoon they are gone. Meat ration
 diminishes this week. Milk is so

MYPL

that we have to consider even the cat, saucer. I spent an hour making butter from our cream - a week's taking provides about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. - Petrol charges the day too. Nina can only come here when she goes to Lewis shopping. All prices rise steadily. The screw is much increased since the summer. We buy no clothes but make do with the old. There are inconveniences rather than hardships. We don't go hungry or cold. But luxury is nippled off, - hardship added. It takes thought & trouble to feed one extra. The post is the most obvious inconvenience perhaps. It takes 2 days to get a letter back: 4 to get a parcel. Turkey impossible. The bunch is said to be worse than last war. That increases much we shall be hungry. I suppose. No to Clonony in Mahel means ten variety in food, more ducking & L. tidying. I begin to Lewis instead of driving. When the black out - that's 2 hours a day daily dredging. We can't use the dining room after dark. There morning L. breakfast in the parlour by electric light. We dip into our great jar for huddled eggs & pretend they don't taste differently. We are extreme marooned here by the bombs in London. The last week the raids are so few that we forget to listen for a bomb. That used to come at 6.30 punctually. No bomb fall most nights. Beaverbrook warns us that early in Feb. not only raid but invasion will come. The Germans are said to be sending troops to occupy the continent. What better job up his sleeve next? - we ask. A certain old age feeling sometimes makes me think I can't stand force as I used. And my hand shakes. Otherwise we draw breath as usual. And to a day when every poof is bright green - the sun dazzles me.

MYPL

Monday
Dec. 22nd

How beautiful they were. These old people - I mean
John & mother - how simple, how clear, how
untroubled. I have been slipping into old letters &
Latin memories. He loved her. Oh & was so
kind & reasonable & transparent - a kind man &
a kind woman. I like them, educated, &
transparent. How some a day men. Their
life used to me: no music, no whelping. And so
human - with the children & the little house &
young & the hungry. But I read as a
contemporary I shall love my child's memory.
& is that stop. Nothing but interest: nothing
mystical: no introspection.

I note with some dismay that my hand is
becoming palsied. Why I can't say.
Can I make clear straight lines any more?
It seems not. I write this by way of an
experiment, indeed its less palsied
this morning, but then I've been copying
my ms. of P.H. & am word
drugged - but won't go into that. And
must go in & wash & dress for the
Aureps - or rather loved lunch
party.

MYPL

22nd Dec.

Christmas Eve, & I didn't like to leave the Antanians.
The black were hanged & Virginia against the sky.
We lunched with Helen: & again "I would have
loved living there." An incredible loveliness.
The downs breaking their wave, yet one peak
quarry; & all the farms & tracks, either on
broken back or a verdurous green: & then the
walk to the wall: & the Church: & the great
to the farm. How highland curls & waving me,
in these deep hollows, where the past stands
almost magnificent. And the little spire
across the fields... We sat in a ground floor
furnish room - lovely, furnished with the 2
chairs: & they had a spread for us. To back
through Lewis. And I worshipped the beauty of the
country, now desolated, but with old colour showing.
L. is now cutting logs, & after my rush of
love & song for Alston farm home, we
concluded this is the best place. L. says it is
exactly right, for we needn't be bothered with
peckemous here. What reminds me. We are
very poor: & my hood is £50: but must not be
tapped again. So I must write. Gen. oh
old age is not going to be running orchard down.
Ben shutting down the fire curtain, though. I
find I can live in the moment: which is good:
why feel a moment to regret a living or
wrong, why indeed? Yesterday Barbara
came with milk & cream; & a lady of good taste
her can down with the best of Voltaire on a book.
Very heavy. An extravagant future on her part.
And we saw the keys: & I covered beneath his
passionate portrait the paragon way - It
blank wall of disapproval: till I knew him,
on which he talked of Lydia, having a book about
the basket, in his eager, hammering way.
Guerbon of peace remains only, he says: our
rectory Antan. Churchill & I read the Italian.

MYPL

29th Dec.

There are moments when the sail flaps. Then,
being a great amateur of the art of life,
determined to rush my voyage, off, like a wasp of the
bloncom I'm a fader, a faded jellyfish - I
ride across the downs to the last cliffs. A
roll of barbed wire is hooked on the core.
I rubbed my mind brisk along the Newhaven
road. Shabby old maid buying groceries, in that
desert road with the villan; in the wet. And
Newhaven fashed. But here the body & the
mind sleep. All desire to write diary here
has flagged - What is the right anti-dote?
I must drift round. I think, Arⁿ de
Elvigne. Working to be a daily
pleasure. Charleston Dumb; Leslie Vocal.
Anceps lunched. I debate the hardness.
of old age - I feel it. I rasp. I'm fast. ~~At~~
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at smothered news,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring
again!
I actually opened Matthew Arnold &
copied these lines. While doing so, the idea
came to me that why I dislike, & like, so
many things idiosyncratically now, is
because of my growing detachment from
the hierarchy, the patriarchy. When
I smend praise East Loker, I am jealous,
I walk over the marsh saying, I am? &
must follow that furrow ~~or~~ not
copy another. That is the only justification
for my writing, living. How one lyses
food now: I make up imaginary meals.

1471

1940.

37. Mecklenburg were killed till Oct. September. Then bombed.
We went up every other week & slept there
We had Mable.

Ryan was killed on 25th June.

The raids on London began in September.

Frankie & Harold in June.

Raid here began in September.

There was the fear of invasion.

We were victorious over the Nazis.

The Greeks were massacred in Albania.

Herbert Fisher died

Ray Strachey died

Herbert Wolfe died.

Hilda Matheson died.

Indie & Leslie stayed here for August.

Ann stayed with us.

Michel left in October.

Louise taken on the horn.

We go up only for the day.

d. always the vegetable growing.

Gives 12 WGA lectures.

I am Treasurer of the W.I.

Morgan asked me to show to L.L. Committee.

Prepared.

